An Unforgetable Mountain Queen

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BY HOWARD B. LEE
(Former Attorney General of West Virginia)

Books have been written about famous feud, but the heart of the Hatfields was a lady.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This article is based, not only upon my present recollection of the interviews described, but also upon the extensive notes I recorded in my diary immediately after they took place.

STATE MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 1, 1964
SUNDAY GAZETTE-MAIL

Over the years, much has been written about the male members of the Hatfield clan who took part in that early orgy of blood-letting—the Hatfield-McCoy feud. But nothing has been said concerning the indomitable wives of that stalwart breed of men.

My purpose is to pay a richly deserved tribute to one of those pioneer women—the late Nancy Elizabeth, wife of William Anderson Hatfield, commonly known as "Cap," second son of Devil Anse, and the most deadly killer of the feud.

More than 30 years have passed since I last talked with her; but I still regard Nancy Elizabeth Hatfield as the most remarkable and unforgettable woman of the mountains.

In the spring of 1924, I was a candidate in the primary election for the Republican nomination for attorney general, and I wanted the Hatfield influence. Devil Anse had died in 1921, and his mantle of leadership of the clan had fallen to his oldest living son, Cap—a power in Logan County politics.

I had met Cap, casually, in 1912, but I had not seen him since that meeting. But his sister, Mrs. Betty Caldwell, and her husband, lived in my county of Mercer, and were among my political supporters. To pave the way for my later meeting with Cap, I had Mrs. Caldwell write and ask him to support me.

Later, when campaigning in the City of Logan, I engaged a taxi to take me the few miles up Island Creek to Cap's home. The car stopped suddenly, and the driver pointed to a comfortable-looking farm house on the other side of the creek and said:

"That's Cap's home, and that's Cap out there by the barn."

I told him to return for me in two hours.

Cap saw me get out of the car, and, as I crossed the creek on an old-fashioned footlog, I saw him fold his arms across his chest and slip his right hand under his coat. Later, I noticed a large pistol holstered under his left arm. Even in that late day, Cap took no chances with strangers. When I got within speaking distance, I told him my name, and that I had come to solicit his support in my campaign for attorney general. He gave me a hearty handclasp, and said:

"My sister, Mrs. Caldwell, wrote us about you. But, let's go to the house, my wife is the politician in our family."

Cap was reluctant to commit himself "so early." But Nancy Elizabeth thought otherwise. Finally, Cap agreed to support me; and, with that point settled, we visited until my taxi returned.

Meanwhile, with Cap's approval, Nancy Elizabeth gave me the accompanying, heretofore unpublished, photograph of the Devil Anse Clan. In 1963 I rephotographed it and sent a print to Willis Hatfield (number 22 in picture), only survivor of Devil Anse, who made the identifications. Nancy Elizabeth is number 16, and the baby in her lap is her son, Robert Elliott, born April 29, 1897. Therefore, the photograph must have been made late in 1897, or early in 1898.

A few months after Cap's death (August 22, 1930), the West Virginia newspaper publishers and editors held their annual convention in Logan. I was invited to address the group at a morning session. That same day, Sheriff Jess Hatfield and his brother, Tennis, younger brothers of Cap, gave an ox-roast dinner for the visiting newsmen and their guests. The picnic was held on a narrow strip of bottom land, on Island Creek, a half-mile below the old home of Devil Anse.

I ate lunch with Nancy Elizabeth and her sister-in-law, Betty Caldwell. After lunch, at the suggestion of Mrs. Caldwell, we three drove up the creek to the old home of her father—Devil Anse. It was a large, two-story, frame structure (since destroyed by fire), then occupied by Tennis Hatfield, youngest son of Devil Anse.

The most interesting feature in the old home was Devil Anse's gun-room. Hanging along its walls were a dozen, or more, high-powered rifles, and a number of large caliber pistols, ranging from the earliest to the latest models. "The older guns," said Nancy Elizabeth, "were used in the feud."

As we returned, we stopped at the family cemetery that clings uncertainly to the steep mountainside, overlooking the picnic grounds. There, among the mountains he loved and ruled, old Devil Anse found peace. A life-size statue of the old man, carved in Italy (from a photograph) of the finest Carrara marble, stands in majestic solitude above his grave. On its four-foot high granite base are carved

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the names of his wife and their thirteen children.

Our next stop was at the home of Nancy Elizabeth, the same home where I visited with her and Cap during my campaign. For nearly three hours I asked questions and listened to that remarkable woman recount many of her experiences as the wife of America's most celebrated feudist.

Nancy Elizabeth's home also held a number of guns, pistols, and other relics of the feud days. But the most interesting item was Cap's bullet-proof, steel brestplate, designed to cover the entire front half of his body from his neck to his lower abdomen.

"Mrs. Hatfield," I said, "judging from the three bullet marks on it, this breastplate was a great protection to Cap; but what was to prevent an enemy from shooting him in the back?" Her eyes flashed as she replied: "Mr. Lee, Cap Hatfield never turned his back on an enemy or a friend."

"I have read two stories, Mrs. Hatfield, each purporting to give the true cause of the feud:

►One book stated that it was the result of a dispute between a McCoy and a Hatfield over the ownership of a hog;

►Another book said that it grew out of the seduction of a McCoy girl by Johnson Hatfield, oldest son of Devil Anse. Is either one of these stories true?"

No. Neither story is true," she replied. "The McCoys lived on the Kentucky side of Tug River, and the Hatfields lived on the West Virginia side. Hogs don't swim rivers. I never heard the girl story until I read it in a book, written long after the feud was over. Both stories are pure fiction.

"The truth is," she continued, "in the fall of 1882, in an election-day fight between Ellison Hatfield, a younger brother of Devil Anse, and three McCoy brothers, Ellison was shot and knifed. He died two days later. In retaliation, Devil Anse and his clan captured and shot the three McCoy brothers. It was these four senseless killings that started the feud."

In answer to my inquiry, Nancy Elizabeth said:

"Yes, there had been 'bad blood' between the two families since the Civil War. In that struggle the Hatfields were 'Rebels', — loyal to their State, Virginia. Devil Anse organized and was the captain of a company of Confederate sympathizers called the 'Logan Wildcats'. They were recruited for local defense; but they left the county long enough to take part in the battle of Scary, fought along the banks of the Kanawha River, a few miles below Charleston.

"The McCoys, and their mountain neighbors, were pro-Union; and to protect their region against invasion by 'Virginia Rebels', they organized a military company called 'Home Guards'. There were occasional border clashes between the two forces, with casualties on both sides. The war ended only seven-teen years before the feud began, and the bitterness still existed in the minds of the older [illegible] their children. It was the old sectional and political hatreds that sparked the fight between Ellison Hatfield and the McCoy brothers."

Nancy Elizabeth declined to estimate the number killed on either side in the feud.

"It was a horrible nightmare to me," she said. "Sometimes, for months, Cap never spent a night in our house. He and Devil Anse, with others, slept in the nearby woods to guard our homes against surprise attacks. At times, too, we women and our children slept in hidden shelters in the forests.

"But these assaults were not one-sided affairs. The Hatfields crossed the Tug and killed McCoys. It was a savage war of extermination, regardless of age or sex. Finally, to get our children to a safer locality, we Hatfields left Tug River, crossed the mountains, and settled here on Island Creek, a tributary of the Guyandot River.

"No, there was no formal truce ending hostilities. After a decade, or more, of fighting and killing, both sides grew tired and quit. The McCoys stayed in Kentucky and the Hatfields kept to West Virginia. The feud was really over a long time before either side realized it.

"Yes, Kentucky offered a large reward for the capture of Devil Anse and Cap. The governor of West Virginia refused to extradite them because, said he, 'their trials in Kentucky would be nothing more than legalized lynchings'. It was then that Kentucky's governor offered the reward for their capture, —'dead or alive'. Three attempts were made by reward seekers to capture them.

"Dan Cunningham, a Charleston detective, with two Cincinnati detectives, made the first attempt. They came through Kentucky, and crossed Tug River in the night; but the Hatfields soon captured them. A justice of the peace sentenced them to 90 days in Logan County jail for 'disturbin' the peace'. When released, they were told to follow the Guyandot River to Huntington, a distance of 60 miles, and 'not to come back'.

"Next, a man named Phillips led two raids from Kentucky into Hatfield territory. In the first, he captured 'Cottontop' Mounts, a relative and supporter of the Hatfields, and took him to Pikeville, Kentucky, where he was hanged. But the second foray met with disaster at the 'Battle of the Grapevine'. Phillips, and some of his followers, escaped into Kentucky, but some were buried where they fell.

"This was the last attempt of the reward seekers. However, Kentucky never withdrew the reward offer, and that is why Devil Anse and Cap were always armed and on the alert."

"Mrs. Hatfield, your husband and his father bore the same given names, — 'William Anderson'. How did they get the nicknames of 'Cap' and 'Devil Anse'?"

"It is very simple," she replied. "Early in life Devil Anse's name was shortened to 'Anse'. During, and after, the Civil War he was called 'Captain Anse'. The son, because he had the

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father 'Devil Anse' and the son 'Bad Cap'. The newspapers took up the names, and they stuck. Devil Anse liked and cultivated his title; but, eventually, the word 'Bad' was dropped from Cap's nickname.

"Was I afraid? For years, day and night, I lived in fear. Afraid for my own safety, and for the safety of my loved ones. Constant fear is a terrible emotion. It takes a heavy toll, mentally and physically.

"I now think that my most anxious moments, as well as my greatest thrill, came years after the feud was over. In 1922, Tennis Hatfield and another deputy sheriff went over to Pikeville, Kentucky, to return a prisoner, wanted in Logan County. While there, Tennis visited the aged Randolph McCoy, surviving leader if his clan during the feud. (Tennis was born long after the feud was over). The old man was delighted to see 'Devil Anse's youngest son', and Tennis spent the night with him.

"The next morning, Randolph told Tennis that he was going home with him. 'I want to see Cap,' he said, 'and tell him how glad I am that I didn't kill him. I am sorry Devil Anse is gone, I would like to see him, too.' Tennis was worried. He didn't know how Cap would receive his old enemy. So, he left Randolph in Logan while he came up to our place to consult Cap.

"Cap listened to Tennis' story, and said:

'Does he come in peace?'

'Yes,' said Tennis, 'he comes in peace.'

'Does he come unarmed?'

'Yes, he comes unarmed.'

'Then, I shall be happy to greet him in the same way. Bring him up for supper, and he shall spend the night with us.

"My anxious moments were just before these two strong-willed men met. I knew how they had hated each other; that each had tried to kill the other, more than once, that each had killed relatives and friends of the other; and I was afraid of what they might do when they stood face to face.

"My thrill came when I saw them clasp hands, and heard each one tell the other how happy he was to see him. They talked far into the night, and both were up early the next morning, eager to continue their talks. Tennis came about one o'clock to drive Randolph back to his Kentucky home. Cap watched them until they passed out of sight up the creek, and then remarked: 'You know, I always did like that cantankerous old cuss'.

"Cap and Randolph never saw each other again."

Mrs. Hatfield, we have talked much about an era that is gone, — feuds are ended, railroads and paved highways have come, the huge coal industry has developed, churches and schools are everywhere, and people are educated. Now, I would like to know something about you."

This is the brief life-story of the remarkable and unforgettable Nancy Elizabeth Hatfield, as she related it to me.

She was Nancy Elizabeth Smith, called "Nan" by her family and friends; born in Wayne County, West Virginia, September 18, 1866. (She died August 24, 1942.) In her early years, she lived "close enough to the Ohio River," she said, "to see the big boats that brought people and goods up from below." She attended a country school three months out of the year, and acquired the rudiments of a common school education, plus a yearning for wider knowledge.

While she was still a young girl her parents moved by push-boat up the Big Sandy and Tug rivers into what is now Mingo County, then Logan County. They settled in the wilderness on Mate Creek, near the site of the present town of Matewan.

"Why they made that move," said Nancy Elizabeth, "I have never understood."

In her new environment, in the summer of 1880, when she was 14 years old, Nancy Elizabeth married Joseph M. Glenn, an enterprising young adventurer from Georgia, who had established a store in the mountains, and floated rafts of black walnut logs, and other timber, down the Tug and Big Sandy rivers to the lumber mills of Catlettsburg, Ky., and Portsmouth, Ohio.

Two years after their marriage Glenn was waylaid and murdered by a former business associate, named Bill Smith—no relation to Nancy Elizabeth. Smith escaped into the wilderness and was never apprehended. The 16-year old widow was left with a three-weeks old infant son, who grew to manhood, and for years, that son, the late Joseph M. Glenn, was a leading lawyer in the city of Logan.

On October 11, 1883, a year after her husband's death, at the age of 17, Nancy Elizabeth married the 19-year old Cap Hatfield, second son of Devil Anse.

"He was the best looking young man in the settlement," she proudly told me.

But at that time Cap had little to recommend him, except his good looks. He was born Feb. 6, 1864, during the Civil War, and grew up in a wild and lawless wilderness, where people were torn and divided by political and sectional hatreds and family feuds —a rugged, mountain land, without roads, schools, or churches.

When he married, Cap could neither read nor write, but he possessed the qualities necessary for survival in that turbulent time and place—he was "quick on the draw, and a dead shot."

"When we were married, Cap was not a very good risk as a husband," said Nancy Elizabeth. "The feud had been going on for a year, and he was already its most deadly killer. Kentucky had set a price on his head. But we were young, he was handsome, and I was deeply in love with him. Besides, he was the best shot on the border, and I was confident that he could take care of himself—and he did."

Nancy Elizabeth taught her handsome husband to read and write, and imparted to him the meager learning she had acquired in the country school in Wayne County. But, more important, she instilled into him her own hunger for knowledge.

Cap had a brilliant mind, and he set about

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Hatfield clan as identified by Willis Hatfield, only surviving son of Devil Anse. By numbers: 1, Rose Browning, daughter; 2, Troy; 3, Betty Caldwell; 4, Elias; 5, Tom Chafin, nephew; 6, Joe; 7, Oxer Damron, a hired hand; 8, Shephard, 9, Coleman; 10, Levica Emma; 11, Bill Borden, store clerk; 12, Mary Hensley-Simpkins-Howes; 13, Vica Simpkins; 14, Devil Anse; 15, Levica, wife; 16, Nancy Elizabeth, 17, Robert Elliott; 18, Louise; 19, Cap; 20, Tennis; 21, Vica, daughter of Johnson; 22, Willis, and 23, Yellow Watch, the coon dog.

biography, and they also subscribed for and read a number of the leading magazines of their day. In time they built up a small library of good books, which they read and studied along with their children.

At the urging of Nancy Elizabeth, Cap decided to study law, and enrolled at the University Law School at Huntingdon, Tennessee. But six months later, a renewal of the feud brought him back to the mountains. He never returned to law school, but continued his legal studies at home, and was admitted to the bar in Wyoming and Mingo counties. However, he never practiced the profession.

Nancy Elizabeth and Cap raised seven of their nine children, and Nancy's eyes grew moist as she talked of the sacrifices she and Cap had made that their children might obtain the education fate had denied to their parents. But her face glowed with a mother's pride as she said:

"All our children are reasonably well educated. Three are college graduates, and the others attended college from one to three years. But, above everything else, they are all good and useful citizens."

As I left the home of the remarkable and unforgettable Nancy Hatfield, I knew that I had been in the presence of a queenly woman—a real "Mountain Queen."

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Clipped by Lant Rader Slaven

Charleston Gazette Jan 12 1958

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The Funeral of Devil Anse

By Lois Powers

226-A Sutherland Dr.
South Charleston

A cold mixture of rain and snow beat steadily against the crude log farmhouse. It ran in tiny rivulets down the dark soil to form muddy pools in the rocky trail. Along this trail they came, slowly, funereally, from the rhododendron-chokey valleys, the greenbrier-covered mountains, the lowlands of the Guyandotte, the Big Sandy and the Tug. They came to see him buried.

Fog clung like whisps of grey chiffon to the barren treetops. It shrouded the soot-blackened train waiting mournfully at Stirrat for the return of passengers who had traked the desolate miles from Logan to pay their last respects to a dead chieftain.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of Jan. 10, 1921, a dull, overcast day; a fitting day for a funeral.

They stood in the parlor around the flower-laden casket, this motley mass of mourners. They were hillmen dressed in backwoods garb. They were "city people" from Charleston, Huntington, and Princeton. Homespun shirts and expensive business suits brushed shoulders in the crowd.

On the porch they huddled to escape the rain and to speak in muted tones of the clansman who had died.

Good man he was, said one judiciously.

"Made folks welcome when they come to see him," another said.

"Reckon as how he was the best friend and neighbor I know of - - - "

"Had many a fine meal, I did, with him and his woman - - - "

On and on it went, this sincere, roughly-spoken eulogy.

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SID THOMPSON, a renowned hill country shoutmer, began to sing. His voice vibrated through the parlor, penetrated the long, narrow hall that ran the length of the large, two-storied house, and carried to the porch. He sang an ancient hymn of mourning, one of the religious songs familiar only in the remote sections of West Virginia and Kentucky. Soon the others joined in, their blended voices echoing against the mountain services in a sorrowful dirge of tribute to the dead.

Slowly, then, the mourners formed a line and passed beside the casket to view the deceased.

They waited in respectful silence as the clansman's widow bade him a final farewell. She was 72 years old, this dominant woman who had become a bride at 18 and reared a round 10 surviving children, 47 grandchildren and several great grandchildren, most of whom were present on this day. In fully her fourth, she was unable to attend the previous rites and bent her good-byes here in the parlor of their home in the hills where she had shared 61 years of marriage.

From the crowd, tearful eyes followed her every move and when the widow was escorted to her chauffeur-driven automobile, they turned along the hallway through the front entrance, down the porch, into the driving rain. The widow had left the home which he had built himself years before as Main Island Creek in Logan County for the last time.

THOUSANDS followed the coffin, the chill air penetrating to the marrow of their bones. In a hollow some 300 feet down the side of a mountain they paused. Here was the family burial ground. Gently, the casket encased in a steel vault was lowered into an open grave beside the bodies of Troy and Elias, two of the clansman's sons.

Again Sid Thompson and a choir led the singing. Then "Uncle Dike" Garrett, a pastor and old friend of the dead patriach, took charge of the unusual services. Previously, he had baptized the deceased. On this bleak day, the aged preacher had come to bury him.

W. A. Robinson who had been a soldier in the Confederate troops commanded by the chieftain in Civil War days uttered a simple prayer. Rev. Green McNeely said a few brief words. Then "Uncle Dike" began to extoll salvation and caution of the proximity of death.

A son of the deceased came forward to declare himself ready to be saved, vowing to be done with fighting and hatred. "Uncle Dike" promised to baptize him.

The mourners drew close as family and near kin stepped to the grave once more to view the dead. They did not require a resume of the lifetime of this man. They knew him well.

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HE WAS BORN in 1839, the son of Ephraim and Nancy Vance Hatfield. He came from that wilderness section of Logan County inhabited by Vances, Hatfields, and McCoys. He lived at Delmore, W. Va., a settlement some five miles above Matewan, W. Va. Acknowledged to be of a hospitable and friedly nature, he still became the leader of his clan in one of the most notorious feuds in history.

During the Civil War, he was given a captain's commission in the Confederate Army. In later years, he owned a farm and general store at Delorme.

On the first Monday in August, 1882, after several incidents occurred which had created ill feeling between his people and those of the McCoys, news reached him of an election day melee involving the two factions near the farm of his cousin, Reverend Anderson Hatfield, on Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky. In the pitched knife and gun battle, one of his brothers was wounded. Three McCoys, held as being responsible for the crime, were in the custody of the sheriff.

The ex-Army captain-storekeeper, enraged by the event, promptly went into the sparsely-settled area, took the prisoners away from the authorities and placed them under guard at the home of his injured brother. The brother died and the McCoys were later found murdered on the Ky. side of Tug River. No eyewitnesses could be obtained who would testify.

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THE McCOYS, now mortal enemies of the Hatfields, took as their leader Randolph McCoy, father of the slain men, who lived on a Pond Creek tributary in Pike County. They set out to avenge the death of their kin. Law and order were forgotten. The

They moved in bands or singly, the Hatfields and McCoys, across the rivers, through the dense underbrush, sometimes from ambush, frequently in open warfare, their rifles ever ready to deal a lethal blow to their enemy. It was a wild country, a rugged one, a fearsome place to be in those feudal days of the 80's and 90's. It is said that 27 people from both clans lost their lives.

Authorities, real and fraudulent, tried many times to capture the Hatfield chieftain. Rewards were offered for his capture. Finally, they devised a scheme to draw him into the court in Charleston where they might have a better chance to arrest him. In 1888, he was charged with having tax unpaid whiskey in his possession. He came to trial, but due to lack of evidence, was acquitted.

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JUDGE John T. Jackson, then in charge of the court, was forced to provide the clan chieftain with a special guard to see him safely home as the officers who had devised the plot for his arrest closed in on the patriach. It is alleged that Judge Jackson said it was his opinion that if officers wished to capture the backwoods clansman, they could do so in the way the McCoys had been trying to get him for years; not take him when he came forth to make a public appearance at the request of the court.

Kentucky officials began extradition proceedings and attempted for years to effect his arrest, but all petitions to the Governors of West Virginia were denied. Eventually, the matter was dropped, amenities were made within the clans and an atmosphere of peace and tolerance reigned once more in the secluded mountain glens.

The Mountaineer whose brother died that fateful day in 1882, sold his holdings on Tug River and went even farther into the hills in search of solitude. He bought considerable acreage on Main Island Creek and spent the remainder of his years in farming. He died in early January, 1921, of a paralytic stroke and pneumonia. He was 82 years old.

When he died, he was under court indictment to remain at home for the rest of his life.

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AT THE GRAVE, "Uncle Dike" Garrett scattered flowers upon the bier and solemnly intoned, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The damp, clinging mud fell in heavy clods to cover the open grave. The mourners withdrew. Slowly, they moved away, back to the horses and rustic conveyances that would take them home, back to the waiting trail. Some disappeared in the tangled undergrowth of the hillsides, following the footpaths that would lead them to their remote dwellings.

Later, in this spot, they would erect a monument at a reputed cost of $3,000 in memory of the deceased. At the top of the memorial would be a replica of the old chieftain, his rugged frame, his flowing beard, the backwoods suit and tall boots as real in sculpture as in life. Engraved upon the monument would be thirteen names and beneath these the words "Their Children" and the name "Hatfield."

By this summer, Captain [illegible]

Williamson Daily News

Williamson, West Virginia, Tuesday Afternoon, November 1, 1955

Slaven, Staker Law Partnership Announced Here

Lant R. Slaven and Zane Grey Staker, prominent Williamson attorneys, are announcing the formation of a partnership for the practice of law under the firm name of Slaven and Staker, effective today.

The new partnership will be the successor to the Lant R. Slaven law firm and will occupy the present offices in the National Bank of Commerce.

Mr. Slaven is a veteran member of the Mingo County Bar, having located here following his graduation from law school and was associated with the law firm of Goodykoontz and Scherr and later the law firm of Goodykoontz and Slaven until the death of the late Wells Goodykoontz after which the Lant R. Slaven law firm was established.

Mr. Staker a native of Kermit, is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and has been associated with the Lant R. Slaven law firm since his graduation. He is a veteran of Korean War, having served as an officer with the United States Navy.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter I: Causes, Strife Behind Nation's Top Family Feud, Hatfields And McCoys

Editor's Note: A series of columns on the Hatfield-McCoy feud, originally published in the Post-Herald in 1957, is being rerun, starting today, because of popular request generated by the forthcoming June 20 opening of the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The Hatfield-McCoy feud of the 1880s and some time thereafter is one of the noted stories of folklore in America. Readers never seem to tire of the famous feud tales.

Let us first consider the events which led to the tragedy of that family-and-friends war between the Hatfields and the McCoys.

There were many causes — an accumulation of things — which finally touched off the feud, or private war, which it actually was, between the two determined families.

The first cause, I think, can be attributed to the very natures of those concerned. Both families were people of nerve because British blood pulsed in their veins. That blood bespoke stubborn resistance and unflinching determination.

THEN CAME the Civil War of 1861-65 and neighbor lined up against neighbor in border states.

In the Union corner was Randolph McCoy, leader of the McCoy clan.

In the Confederate corner was Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield, head of the Hatfield horde and described by Randolph McCoy as "six feet of devil and 180 pounds of hell."

When the war ended in 1865, the internecine feelings of these two neighboring families, separated only by the narrow Tug River, did not make for friendly relations.

Indeed, it had been rumored that "Devil Anse" Hatfield, in the course of his warfare sometime before the Civil War ended, had slain Harmon McCoy, a brother of Randolph McCoy.

THIS RUMOR was never proved. In fact, some stated that Jim Vance, later to die in the feud as a friend of the Hatfields, was the one who murdered Harmon McCoy.

Whoever killed Harmon McCoy is unknown for sure, even to this day, but one thing is sure: his death created ill feeling between the McCoys and the Hatfields, from the McCoy corner, of course.

A third cause of the feud was a family quarrel which wound up in the court of a justice of the peace eight years after the Civil War had ended.

In those days, in the rugged regions on the Tug, the people let their hogs run loose and fatten on the mast of nut-bearing trees. Hogs were marked with ear cuts, which farmers registered with the county court, just as they put real estate deeds on record.

FLOYD HATFIELD, son of George Hatfield and a cousin of "Devil Anse," rounded up an old sow and some pigs one day. Randolph McCoy came by and said the sow was his hog. These two men were married to sisters and therefore were brothers-in-law.

The dispute over hog ownership led to a lawsuit. As a result of the jury trial, the hog was decreed to be the property of Floyd Hatfield.

Jurymen were married into the families of the two contestants and this was thought to have colored their judgment of the evidence and the law, such as it was.

Bill Staton is a case in point. He had married into the Hatfield family and was accused by Randolph McCoy of swearing to a lie on the witness stand. Later, Staton was slain in the woods. Accused of the murder were two brothers, Paris McCoy and Sam McCoy, who were nephews of Randolph McCoy.

ELLISON HATFIELD, brother of "Devil Anse" and husband of Bill Staton's sister, swore out a warrant for the McCoy brothers, Paris and Sam. They were acquitted at their trial, self-defense being established by Sam McCoy.

Because Ellison Hatfield had vigorously prosecuted the two McCoys, he was hated by all the McCoys, especially by those of the Randolph McCoy household.

Atmosphere in which it was easy for crime to breed was thus built up by personality clashes, opposing roles in the Civil War, animosities growing out of the two trials, and McCoy hatred of Ellison Hatfield because he prosecuted the two McCoys who had shot his brother-in-law, Bill Staton.

Proximity of the two families was a factor, too. McCoys and Hatfields got on each other's nerves.

THERE WAS still another cause that contributed to the kickoff of the feud in this situation ripe for shooting. This was romance between Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield (Jan. 6, 1862-April 19, 1922), eldest of the 13 children of Devil Anse and Levicy Chafin Hatfield, and Rose Anna McCoy, eighth of the 13 children of Randolph and Sarah McCoy.

Johnse, a handsome young man, lived in Logan County, Va. (now Mingo County, W. Va.), just across the Tug River from Pike County, Ky., where the attractive, black-haired Rose Anna lived.

Information at hand indicates that Rose Anna was a year older than Johnse but that made little difference.

ON THE DAY of the primary election in 1880, a number of Hatfields went over the Tug to tarry a time at the election site at the mouth of Hatfield Branch, where it empties into Blackberry Creek, a tributary of the Tug River.

While the people were gathered to visit and exchange neighborhood news, Johnse, 18, and Rose Anna, 19, paired off and strolled away to themselves.

Thus began a clandestine romance, the meanderings of which through the next two or three years were to further widen the breach between the two families.

Here is no place to parade all that went on between the two lovers. Suffice to say that gossip of the region was to the effect that Johnse eventually jilted Rose Anna to marry her cousin, Nancy McCoy, daughter of Harmon McCoy, who was a brother of Randolph.

Word was that measles caused Rose Anna to miscarry and die. The death of Rose Anna and her unborn baby generated more McCoy anger.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter II: Origin Of Reckless Men Of Celebrated Hatfield-McCoy Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Some of the background of the Hatfields is in order today.

Ephraim Hatfield lived in Russell County, Va., on Thompson Creek in present day New Garden District. About 1970, his wife, nee Mary Smith, died of childbirth complications, leaving her husband with their two sons, Joseph and Valentine.

The widower, Ephraim Hatfield, was one of the pursuers in a posse formed to rescue white captives after a 1972 Indian raid on settlements in Russell County.

The Indians had killed David Musick and carried his wife, Anna, and her five children away into Shawnee captivity.

After Mrs. Musick and her five children were rescued from the Indians, they were returned to their home in the Big A Mountain region on the waters of Clinch River in Russell County.

BY THE TIME the excitement of the Indian depredations had died down, Ephraim Hatfield and his two motherless sons had found a lot in common with the widow Musick and her five fatherless children. The result of misery loving company was that Mrs. Musick and Ephraim Hatfield got married.

In time, they moved to Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky., largest county in area east of the Mississippi. They settled not far from present day Matewan, W. Va.

Valentine "Wall" Hatfield likewise came to the Big Sandy River region and built a cabin at Sprigg, a settlement of present day Mingo County. There he raised a large family.

Wall Hatfield's wife was Elizabeth Vance, native of Russell County, Va. They had either 11 or 12 children. One was named for his paternal grandfather. To distinguish grandson Ephraim from grandfather Ephraim, the grandson was called "Big Eph" in allusion to his huge size.

BIG EPH WAS born in 1812 at present day Sprigg, W. Va. He died in 1887 and is buried in the ancestral burial grounds of the Hatfield family at Newtown on Mate Creek in Mingo County.

Big Eph sired a great family of 18 children, only 10 living to be anything like grown. The first was a boy named Valentine Hatfield for his grandfather and given the same nickname of "Wall."

Next of Big Eph's children was William Anderson Hatfield, subsequently known to the world as "Devil Anse" Hatfield.

Next was Elias Hatfield, whose son, Henry D. Hatfield, became governor of West Virginia and a United States senator, as well as owner of a hospital in Huntington, W. Va.

Fourth of the sons was Ellison Hatfield. We need go no further in Big Eph's family as this introduces those to be discussed today.

DEVIL ANSE Hatfield was born Sept. 9, 1839. On April 18, 1861, he married Miss Levicy Chafin, who bore the famous Scarlet 12 children.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Devil Anse was serving with the state militia but in 1862, he joined the regular Confederate States of America Army. He was in a unit known as "Logan Wildcats." He became a first Lieutenant in the 45th Virginia Infantry Regiment.

In 1863, he resigned his commission and organized a company of something like Partisan Rangers in West Virginia border counties along the Kentucky line. He became their captain. Some McCoy men were in Devil Anse's command.

It was as a guerrilla warrior that some alleged that Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy, redoubtable ruler of the McCoy clansmen.

ELLISON HATFIELD, brother of Devil Anse, was born in August, 1841. He was just the right age for military service in the Civil War. For four long years, Ellison served in the Confederate Army. He rose to rank of first lieutenant.

He was in the Battle of Gettysburg all the time of the July 1-4, 1863, struggle. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, one of the young officers who surrendered his command was Lieutenant Hatfield.

In 1955, I visited Kirk Hatfield, son of Ellison Hatfield, and he showed me a Civil War picture of his father and gave me this information.

Ellison Hatfield was a large and very handsome man, as handsome an army officer as ever I saw.

AFTER HIS RETURN from Appomattox, Ellison did not reach home until July, 1865. There he and Sarah Ann Staton were married.

Children born to Ellison and Sarah Ann Staton Hatfield were Elliott (October, 1866); Valentine (April, 1868); Polly, Imogene, Floyd, Nancy, Lydia, Wetzel, Andrew Kirk, and Easter.

When Ellison Hatfield died on Aug. 9, 1882, from wounds inflicted by Talbert, Phamer and Randolph McCoy Jr., his wife, born in 1844, was only 38 years old.

Kirk Hatfield, who gave me this information, was only four months and 18 days old when his Confederate veteran father died of McCoy-inflicted wounds.

Though Kirk listed only 10 children in his father's family, he said his father was the father of 11. That odd one was always thought to be Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, whom Kentucky hanged Feb. 19, 1899, for killing Alifair McCoy, daughter of Randolph McCoy.

(Continued Tomorrow)

'Devil Anse' In Late Life

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter III: Hatfield-McCoy 'F-Day' Came On 'Black' Monday, Aug. 7, 1882

Editor's Note: This series of articles, which first appeared in 1957, is being reprinted now in response to popular demand generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere June 20 in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Randolph McCoy, like that other famed feud leader, Devil Anse Hatfield, had 13 children and was a Civil War veteran, although they had fought on opposing sides, McCoy for the Union and Hatfield for the Confederacy.

The two men were not alike. McCoy who was 20 years older than Hatfield, took everything seriously, lacking the sense of humor, or devilment, to which Devil Anse gave full measure.

Never was there a more typical man of the mountains than Rand'l McCoy, as he usually was called, in the manner of mountaineers in abbreviating given names.

LITTLE DID Rand'l and his wife, Sarah, realize, when she went through the "valley of the shadow of death" to bring a dozen and one children into the world, that five of them would be shot to death by the Hatfield clan and their followers, and that their lovely, black-haired daughter, Rose Anna, would succumb to the wiles of Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, eldest of the 13 children of Devil Anse and Lucy Chafin Hatfield.

But such was to be the case.

Three sons — Tolbert, 31, Phamer, 19, and Randolph Jr., 15 — were slain shortly after nightfall on Aug. 9, 1882, in a paw paw thicket on the Kentucky side of Tug River, across from the mouth of Mate Creek.

It was almost six and a half years later, on Jan. 1, 1888, that the brother of those three, Calvin, and their sister, Allifair, were murdered by the Hatfields and their confederates at about half past 10 o'clock that night.

THE McCOY HOME was burned and Mrs. Randolph McCoy was badly beaten on the night of that double murder of her son and daughter on New Year's night in 1888.

Those 1888 deaths were an effort to wipe out state's evidence in the case against the Hatfields, who had been indicted for the killing of the three McCoy brothers on Aug. 9, 1882.

The triple killing of the three McCoy brothers took place two days after "F-Day" on Monday, Aug. 7, 1882, when the long-smouldering hatred between the two families erupted into a private war between the Hatfields and the McCoys.

It was an off-year election day in Kentucky. Those familiar with the history of Kentucky can tell you that on an election day in that state, anything can happen and usually does.

THE PARTICULAR precinct with which this story deals was the one at the mouth of Hatfield Branch, where it pours its flood into Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky. This is about four miles up the Tug River region from Matewan.

The spot where the trouble broke out that Aug. 7 is 100 feet or so to the right of Blackberry Creek as one heads upstream from Matewan. It is directly across Hatfield Branch from the home of the Rev. Anderson C. "Preacher Anse" Hatfield, than a Primitive "hardshell" Baptist preacher.

In that house later lived Ransom Hatfield, son of Preacher Anse, who told me the story in 1957 and took me to the identical spots mentioned.

We called on Ransom's brother, Jefferson Hatfield, who was living with his daughter, Mrs. Kathleen Hatfield Scott, at the site where the feud started in earnest.

AT THE 1882 election, there showed up McCoy men and Hatfield men who had it in for each other.

"Bad Elias" Hatfield, brother of Preacher Anse Hatfield, was there. He owed Tolbert McCoy a small amount — less than $2 — on a fiddle. Tolbert bounced him for it. Bad Elias refused to pay him. This wound up in a quarrel.

There was much drinking and several were in a foul mood. Preacher Anse tried to quiet the quarrel but Bad Elias would not heed him. Tolbert McCoy's wife came to get him to leave the scene, but he refused to go.

A bit later in the day, Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, put in his appearance. He was wearing a wide-brimmed "sundown" hat — a straw affair — and the crowd kidded him about it.

BIG AND STRONG, 41 years old, and father of 11 sons and daughters, Ellison Hatfield was accosted by 31-year-old Tolbert McCoy, who was bent on trouble.

Tolbert defiantly announced to Ellison that "I'm hell on earth!" This was a challenge to Ellison, who told Tolbert that he was "a d—n dirty-word hog!"

Immediately a fight ensued. Next thing the crowd knew, Tolbert and two other McCoy brothers, Phamer and Randolph Jr., had cut and stabbed Ellison Hatfield about 26 times, and one of them, Phamer, had shot Ellison in the back.

From then on, the fat was in the fire.

Ellison's brother, Elias Hatfield (not Bad Elias Hatfield), fired at the fleeing McCoys, who saw at once what trouble they had caused and ran away.

AFTER BEING arrested by the authorities, the three McCoy brothers were taken from the law officers by Devil Anse and some of his men to hold as hostages.

If Ellison Hatfield got well, then the three McCoys would be turned over to the law. If he didn't get well, why, then, there'd be a different story to tell.

Ellison was removed to the home of Anderson Ferrell, who lived in Warm Hollow. This is immediately in front of the Norfolk and Western Railway depot in Matewan.

Meanwhile, the three McCoys were rushed up Mate Creek to a log schoolhouse, where the Hatfields kept them tied and under guard.

TWO DAYS AFTER being wounded, Ellison Hatfield died on the afternoon of Aug. 9.

A little after nightfall, the three McCoy brothers were moved across the Tug River just below the mouth of Mate Creek at Matewan.

They were marched by their captors to a sort of sink hole on the Kentucky side of the river, tied to some paw paw bushes, and shot to death. Natives heard the fusillade of shots and knew what had happened.

From that moment, it was always open season for killing when a McCoy met a Hatfield. During the next several years, life was a rough matter along the Tug.

(Continued Tomorrow)

The Hatfield Clan With Shootin' 'Arns'

This historic photograph shows Devil Anse Hatfield, with his Winchester, seated second from left beside his wife, Lucy Chafin Hatfield, third from left. At her feet is son, Tennis. Child at far right of the three is son, Willis. Seated at right, holding Winchester horizontally, is either Tom Chafin or Cap Hatfield. Man standing at extreme right has been identified as Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield but historian Shirley Donnelly says he is W. E. Borden. Young man holding Colt revolver at his shoulder in top row, fourth from left, is Elias Hatfield. Next, in slouch cap, framed by doorway, is Joe Hatfield. At right end of top row, with revolver, is O. C. Damron, a confederate of the Hatfields. Other photo subjects are unidentified.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IV: Tug River Borderland Hit By Waves Of Sadness And Madness

Editor's Note: This series of articles, which first appeared in the Post-Herald in September, 1957, is being reprinted by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday, June 28, in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

On both sides of the Tug River on Aug. 10, 1882 — on the morning after the night before — there were waves of sadness and madness such as never had swept Logan (now Mingo) County, W. Va., and Pike County, Ky.

On the West Virginia side of the Tug, the Hatfields were mourning for Devil Anse's brother, Ellison Hatfield, who had succumbed Aug. 9 to wounds inflicted two days earlier by Tolbert, Phamer and Randolph McCoy Jr.

Ellison Hatfield's widow and 11 sons and daughters were stricken by his fatal stabbing.

On the Kentucky side of the Tug, great was the grief in the home of Randolph McCoy Sr., then age 61, and his wife, Sarah "Aunt Sally" McCoy. Three of their sons had been murdered the night before.

JUSTICE HAD been swift and summary for the brothers there in that fierce region where the stern code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth had long been regarded as the law of the clans.

The place where the three McCoy brothers were shot was pointed out to me on Feb. 14, 1955, by Landon Lawson Hatfield, 79. He was born on Nov. 29, 1875, and was a boy of seven, he said, when he witnessed the bloody scene.

I have also stood on the site of the two-pens-and-a-passage log house of the McCoys and tried to reconstruct the scene of grief there in August of 1882, but never could.

The site of that ill-fated home is beautiful for situation. It is located on a rise of ground that gives a commanding view of two bends in the road running by the place.

TO REACH IT, one goes up Hatfield Branch and crosses Turkey Foot Ridge, then turns down over Turkey Foot to Blackberry Fork of Pond Creek on the opposite side.

On the side of the hill, in front of the McCoy home, is a slight bench of land, where a wide grave was dug to bury the three slain brothers. All three were buried in one grave, albeit each body was in its own homemade coffin.

It took most of that day of Aug. 10, 1882, for an oxen-drawn sled to haul the bodies of the three brothers a distance of only six miles to the site of their burial close to their home.

It was a sad time in the McCoy home.

Meanwhile, Rand'l McCoy moved to get legal indictment of those regarded as guilty of the slaying of his sons.

AFTER A TIME, a large number of men were indicted in Pike County for the triple killing. The name of Devil Anse Hatfield headed the list, which included Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield, Elias Hatfield and Wall Hatfield.

Others on the list were Sam Mahon, Dock Mahon, Plyant Mahon, John Whitt, Tom Chambers, Charley Carpenter, Lark Varney, Andy Varney, Alex Messer, Selkirk McCoy, L. D. McCoy, Dan Whitt and Elijah Mounts of the Beech Creek section.

That latter descriptive address given by the grand jury was to identify him.

Bench warrants were issued by the state of Kentucky for those reported to have any knowledge of the crime. Arresting the indicted men was another problem, however.

SEVERAL YEARS went by after the Hatfields and their clansmen were indicted for the triple slaying of the sons of Rand'l McCoy. All the time, the defendants knew they were wanted men.

As Rand'l McCoy was the moving force behind those indictments, it was figured by the Hatfields and the rest that if they could eliminate the old man, they would be that much closer to being let alone.

In June, 1884, Randolph McCoy and his son, Calvin, planned a trip to Pikeville, Ky., where they were going to see a lawyer by the name of Perry A. Cline, who was in some way related to the McCoy family by marriage.

The story has it that Cline carried weight with the Pike County authorities and was in league with Rand'l McCoy to bring the Hatfields and their friends to justice for the night murders in the paw paw thicket across from present-day Matewan.

THE HATFIELDS somehow got wind of the trip and planned to waylay McCoy and son and kill them both. However, the McCoys were pokey that day and late getting away on the journey.

Two mountaineer neighbors by the names of Henderson Scott and John Scott were riding horseback a distance ahead of the McCoys when they were fired upon by the lurking Hatfields.

As I recall the story, both horses of the Scotts were killed and one of the riders badly wounded by the ambushers. Who fired the shots was never known for sure, but they were intended for the two McCoys and it turned out that the Hatfield plans fouled up.

Those shots, fired in anger, caused Rand'l McCoy and his son to know they were marked men.

Toward the ebb of the year 1887, about three years after escaping the trap set for him and his son by the Hatfields, another attempt was made on the life of Rand'l McCoy.

ONE DAY IN the latter part of the summer, five years after the Hatfield clan had been indicted for murdering his three boys, Rand'l was leaning against the side of the door of his home facing the opposite hillside where his three sons were buried.

While the old father leaned there, a hidden rifleman across the way showered down upon him.

Who fired the shots was never known, but Rand'l instinctively felt it was one of the Hatfields, who wanted him out of the way to keep him from pressing murder charges against them.

Too close for comfort, although wide of its target, that bullet struck the door facing and there remained a forceful reminder to 68-year-old Randolph McCoy never for one moment to be caught off his guard.

That summer day attempt at assassination of Rand'l McCoy served to step up the efforts of the constituted law authorities in Kentucky to bring the Hatfields to justice.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter V: 'High Water Mark' In Feud Is Set By 1888 New Year's Night Raid

Editor's Note: This series of articles, which first appeared in the Post-Herald in September, 1957, is being reprinted by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday, June 20, in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

It was the objective of the Hatfield clansmen to get Randolph McCoy out of the way.

If they could kill him, then the driving force in the effort to bring them to trial for the slaughter of his three sons on Aug. 9, 1882, would be spent.

There were miscellaneous killings of individual clansmen in lone encounters during the 1880-90 decade, while the Hatfield-McCoy feud was raging, but the high-water mark was reached on the evening of Jan. 1, 1888.

PRIOR TO that time, West Virginia and Kentucky, through their governors, had been spatting back and forth on the subject of each honoring the other's requisition for the men wanted for murders in the feud.

Politics entered into these matters and feeling became bitter between the two states.

In the long run, after an appeal to the Supreme Court, Kentucky won and thus got hands on some of the Hatfields and their friends. Still the Hatfields were interested in wiping out the prosecuting witnesses, chiefly Randolph McCoy and his family.

Accordingly, a band of the Hatfields and their friends planned to attack the McCoy home, burn it, and kill the folks.

JIM VANCE was to lead a raiding party made up of Tom Chambers, Johnse Hatfield, Cap Hatfield, Robert E. Lee "Bob" Hatfield, Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, Frank Ellis, Charley Gillespie and Elliott Hatfield.

The latter was the son of Ellison Hatfield, killed to death on election day, 1882, by three McCoy brothers later shot to death by the Hatfield clan.

Men of the 1888 raiding party were sworn to show no mercy on their victims.

It is legendary over all the earth that Jim Vance swore hell would be his heaven if he did not kill the one who let him down in the effort. He swore he would kill the one who weakened — kill him as sure as powder would burn. All knew the evil old wretch meant it, too.

TO RESEARCH for this story, I journeyed one day to the very place the highhanded crime was committed. Near the site where the McCoy cabin stood, I found the rather modern home of the hospitable Mrs. Critt Scott and her maiden daughter, Miss Pricy Scott.

For several hours, I visited these nice people and heard from their lips the story of the burning of the McCoy house and the murders in connection with that New Year's Night attack.

Mrs. Scott began living on the Randolph McCoy place in April, 1902. She was born July 20, 1869, and thus was 18 when the 1888 crimes were carried out.

Her mother, Mrs. Aly Farley, watched the returning raiders in the frosty night under a full moon that Jan. 1. She wondered what the Hatfields had been "up to," as Mrs. Farley put it. There had been a "singing" at the Blackberry Fork School that holiday night.

After one of the Hatfield clan raiders — "Cotton Top" Mounts — was captured and sentenced to hang, Mr. and Mrs. Farley went to Pikeville to see him hanged, their daughter, Mrs. Scott, told me.

IT WAS BETWEEN 10 and 11 p.m. on Jan. 1, 1888, that the determined destroyers, led by Jim Vance, surrounded the Randolph McCoy house. Vance called to the McCoys to give themselves up, but his demand was refused. Firing began.

Because Johnse Hatfield failed to carry out Vance's instructions, he was always blamed for the failure of the attack. He shot ahead of time. Fire was answered by fire and Johnse Hatfield was the first casualty. He was painfully injured in the right shoulder.

Rand'l McCoy and his son, Calvin, were making their shots count.

Soon the building was set afire. While Tom Chambers was on the roof setting fire to the clapboards, one of the McCoys let go at him and blasted three fingers off his hand.

One day in Matewan, I was talking with Tom Chafin, justice of the peace and son of Mrs. Lydia Hatfield Chafin, last girl in Ellison Hatfield's family. He told me he used to see old Tom Chambers' hand with missing fingers when he, Squire Chafin, was a boy around Matewan.

IN THE COURSE of trying to put out the fire burning on the house, Rand'l's daughter, Allifair McCoy, rushed outside and was shot to death by "Cotton Top" Mounts. She had just screamed at Cap Hatfield that she had heard his voice and knew it.

Mrs. Randolph McCoy was battered by Johnse Hatfield and thought to have been killed. However, she recovered and related the harrowing experience to the authorities.

Calvin McCoy raced out of the house, but was overtaken and slain.

While all this was going on, old Rand'l eluded his attackers by escaping in the friendly forest at hand. Two McCoy sisters escaped unhurt, as did Cora, daughter of Tolbert McCoy, one of the three brothers killed by the Hatfields on Aug. 9, 1882.

Dead, though, were Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair McCoy. They were buried in the hillside plot where their three brothers were buried more than five years earlier. This made five of the children of Randolph and Sarah McCoy to die at the hands of opposing feudists — a ghastly, heavy toll indeed.

ON THE EVENING of Feb. 6, 1955, I ate supper with Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCoy at Matewan. This deacon in the Matewan Baptist Church was a grandson of Calvin McCoy.

I showed him a picture of the dornick gravestone at the head of his ill-fated grandfather's grave. Until then, he didn't know where his kinsman was buried. I got the picture of the gravemarker late in 1945 at Heidelberg, Germany, while on duty with the Seventh Army in World War II.

Calvin McCoy's grave is the only marked grave of a McCoy victim of the bitter feud.

With chalk, I traced the crude lettering on that natural slab of stone. Across the face, in two lines, it reads:

CAL Mc
COY

God himself only knows the grief that was in the heart of the one who caused that crude tombstone to be erected there in that isolated cemetery and thus marked to identify the feud victim.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter VI: The Old Law Of Averages Catches Up With The Feuding Hatfields

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In the rampaging years of the Hatfield-McCoy feud — the 1882-1890 period — the immediate family of Randolph and Sarah McCoy suffered five deaths from gunshot wounds at the hands of the Hatfields and their henchmen.

Five of their 13 children were shot and killed. However, the father, although often a target, attained the great age of 82 before giving up the fight of life.

On the Devil Anse Hatfield side of the feud, his immediate family didn't suffer a single casualty during the prolonged siege and the clansman himself died a natural death when he was well into his 83rd year.

The old truth that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword" has a corollary in the old proverb that "the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine."

IN SPITE OF the fact that 19 or 20 Hatfields and their friends were indicted for the paw paw thicket killing of the three McCoy brothers shortly after nightfall on Aug. 9, 1882, the long arm of the law, constantly reaching out for the guilty culprits, was slow in rounding them up for trial.

Aroused by the Hatfield burning of the Randolph McCoy house and the slaying of his son, Calvin, and daughter, Allifair, on New Year's night, 1888, the law authorities went after the evildoers with a vengeance.

The way the defendants were rounded up caused a lot of legal commotion between West Virginia and Kentucky, but at last Kentucky got some of the wanted men.

The trial of each man will not be detailed but justice of severe nature was meted out to several Hatfields and their followers.

TRIED AND GIVEN the rope at Pikeville, Ky., was Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, alleged to be the "woods colt" son of the ill-fated Ellison Hatfield, who was fatally wounded by the three McCoy brothers on Aug. 7, 1882.

He was in on the killing of the three McCoy brothers and himself killed Allifair McCoy, their sister, on the night of Jan. 1, 1888.

On Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1888, the doomed dullard, who always did the bidding of the Hatfields, was hanged in the presence of thousands of morbidly curious spectators. He was the only feudist who was legally put to death.

Wall Hatfield, eldest brother of Devil Anse, was sent to prison at Frankfort, Ky., for life. He died in prison.

Alex Messer, Dock Mahon and the latter's brother, Plyant Mahon, were tried together and sentenced to life in the penitentiary.

JOHNSE HATFIELD was hailed before the tribunal bar of Kentucky in 1898. He was tried at Prestonsburg, where they threw the book at him for all his past sins. Life imprisonment was the jury's decree.

The one man who was the nemesis of Johnse Hatfield was H. E. "Doc" Ellis. He pressed the charges against Johnse and aroused the ire of all the Hatfield family. Elias Hatfield, 18, Johnse's brother, took the law into his own hands and shot "Doc" Ellis and killed him dead as a door nail. That was in July, 1899, in Mingo County, W. Va.

In the case of Elias Hatfield, the truth of an age-old law was to be proved again, namely, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again (Matthew 7:21). On Oct. 17, 1911, an Italian named Octavia Gerone killed both Elias and his brother, Detroit "Troy" Hatfield, at Boomer, W. Va., in a fight over liquor interests.

They were the first of Devil Anse Hatfield's children to die. However, they killed the Italian, too.

AFTER SERVING a few years in Kentucky state prison at Frankfort, Johnse Hatfield was pardoned. A Negro prisoner attacked the warden of the prison and would have killed him had it not been for the fearless intervention of Johnse Hatfield, who cut the Negro's throat and saved the warden's life.

As a reward for his heroism, Johnse Hatfield was made a free man again.

Montaville Hatfield, cousin of Devil Anse, drew a life sentence, but served only several years. Upon his release, he went in for farming. My information is that he was killed by a man in a quarrel over a line fence between their places.

Cap Hatfield, son of Devil Anse, served a jail sentence once for some infraction of the law but escaped the penalty for his major offenses.

THERE WERE other Hatfields who went to prison besides the ones mentioned, but as much of this is being written from memory, I cannot think of them at the moment.

Willis W. Hatfield, eighth child of Devil Anse Hatfield, was named for Gov. E. Willis Wilson of West Virginia. He shot and killed a Dr. Thornhill in Wyoming County in a quarrel over a whisky prescription and drew a term at Moundsville for the murder.

Jim Vance, who led the Hatfields in the McCoy house burning and murder scrape, was killed by a posse in a running fight.

FROM THE McCOY side of the lethal ledger on the cost of crime, one learns anew that the way of the transgression is hard. Some thought Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy in border strife during the Civil War.

Bud McCoy, no plaster of paris saint, was shot 18 times by Pleasant "Ples" McCoy.

A relative, Jeff McCoy, was killed by Cap Hatfield shortly after Jeff McCoy had slain a Pike County mailman by the name of Fred Wolford.

Sam McCoy killed Bill Staton, brother-in-law of Ellison Hatfield.

Cap Hatfield killed John Rutherford at Matewan in November, 1896.

Many others of the two clans were killed. All told, as I figure it, the famous feud took something like three dozen lives. For years I had one of Elias Hatfield's .38 Smith & Wesson revolvers, a gift to me.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Chapter VII: Despite Fearsome Deeds, Hatfields Had Much On Credit Side

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview-State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Just as frogs take on the temperature of their surroundings, people become like the land where they live.

In lands where the sun shines brightly and the weather is hot, people become highly volatile, as witness the southerners.

In cold climates, people become slow and reserved, and appear to have ice water in their veins, as witness the northerners.

Everything in the Logan-Mingo-Pike counties area, where the Hatfields and McCoys lived, was rough, rugged and fierce, so the people of that territory were rough, rugged and fierce.

MUCH THAT the Hatfields did was bad, but it is equally true that there was a world of good in those rugged individualists.

It was known far and wide that Devil Anse Hatfield fed more people than any other person in Logan County. No one was turned away from the door of the clever old feud chieftain. He reasoned that the visitor could put up with, for a few meals, what the host had to endure all the time.

If you could eat what they did, the Hatfields said, you were welcome to it. Actually, the Hatfield festal board was always heaped high with bounties of field and forest.

Devil Anse's wife, Levicy, and their girls knew little of fancy cooking, but they knew the very lick with which rough grub was prepared. They served victuals and vitamins that stuck to one's ribs and backbone.

ELIAS AND TROY Hatfield were the only ones of Devil Anse's sons who died violently and young, Elias at 33 and Troy at 30. Both had been special agents and detectives on the Virginian Railway before Elias went into saloon business that led to his and his brother's death.

Elias had once told High Sheriff W. H. Ramsey of Fayette County that the Hatfield code required that they carry a gun of no less than .38 calibre. They reasoned that a man might kill you with, say, a .32 calibre gun, but that before you died, you could kill him.

This reasoning was born out in the shooting of Elias and Troy Hatfield at Boomer, W. Va., on Oct. 17, 1911, by Ottavio Vagliozzo with a .32 calibre Colt revolver.

Before Elias and Troy expired, they had polished off the Italian, Troy being the one who fired the three fatal shots.

HOW DID THE other Hatfields turn out?

Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, eldest of Devil Anse's 13 children, became a land agent for the U.S. Steel Coal and Coke Co. holdings Logan County and area. He was the Casanova of the family. Like Samson of biblical fame, Johnse loved many women, having had no fewer than five.

Cap Hatfield, second of Devil Anse's sons and the real hellion of the family, studied law and was admitted to the bar of West Virginia. He ended his days as a deputy sheriff in August, 1930, dying of a brain tumor in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Robert E. Lee, third of Devil Anse's sons, became a merchant and acquired much property.

Elliott Hatfield, fourth in the family, studied medicine and was graduated in 1886 from City College of Louisville, Ky.

Joe Hatfield was elected high sheriff of Logan County. So was Tennis Hatfield. Cap Hatfield was a deputy sheriff under his two brothers.

Willis Hatfield became a personnel officer for a mining concern. He is still living.

DEVIL ANSE'S brother, Elias Hatfield, had a notable family. One son, Greenway Hatfield, was elected sheriff of Mingo County, twice on the Republican ticket and once on the Democratic ticket.

Elias's second son, Henry D. Hatfield, was a doctor who owned a large hospital in Huntington. He was elected governor of West Virginia. He also served one term in the United States Senate and one term in the West Virginia Senate.

A third son of Elias Hatfield is Wayne Hatfield, a doctor like his brother, Henry.

This list might be continued at length, but enough has been stated to show that the Hatfields were no mere men.

THE McCOYS didn't rise to such heights in the world of affairs as the Hatfields did.

Last of the "real McCoys" of yore was James McCoy, familiarly called "Uncle Jim" by intimates. When Tennis Hatfield was sheriff of Logan County, that youngest child of Devil Anse Hatfield became reconciled with "Uncle Jim" McCoy and they were photographed together.

It was this "Uncle Jim" McCoy who was admired by Devil Anse for his nerve. "Uncle Jim" was in the Grape Vine Creek battle with the Hatfields. He hated the Hatfields but saw in the end that all the trouble wasn't on one side of the feud, so he forgave and forgot as best he could.

Those McCoy women who "went with" Hatfield men, and their in-laws, who married people not too friendly to the McCoys, were never considered to be the "real McCoys" — hence the origin of a latter day saying.

IT WAS SAID that Devil Anse never resented that name that was applied to him when he was a young soldier of the Confederacy. He had a keen sense of humor.

When I was a boy in my early teens at Charleston, on the West Side or "Elk City," as some called that section immediately west of the Elk River, I used to see old Daniel W. Cunningham. He was pointed out to me as the detective who "rode herd" on the Hatfields.

Later, I found out how Devil Anse "rode" Dan Cunningham by surprising him one day and making him, at gun point, carry all the Hatfields on his back across a stream to keep the Hatfields from getting their feet wet. That was an example of Devil Anse's devilment.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Five Sons Of Devil Anse

Here are five of Devil Anse Hatfield's nine sons, all now deceased except Willis, age 82, of Dehue in Logan County, who will attend the premiere of "Hatfields and McCoys" Saturday night in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park. Above is Elliott, who became a doctor. Together at top left are Tennis, left, and Willis. In lower photos are Joe, in sheriff's uniform, and Cap, who became a lawyer.

Third Generation Of Hatfields

Devil Anse Hatfield's trusty Winchester rifle is held above, left, by the feud leader's grandson, Ewell W. Hatfield, a Charleston insurance executive before his death last December in Florida. He was a son of Dr. Elliott Hatfield. Above, right, is Ewell's cousin, Dr. Henry D. Hatfield, delivering his inaugural address in 1913, when he began serving as governor of West Virginia. The doctor-statesman, who also served in the U. S. Senate, was the son of Devil Anse's brother, Elias.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter VIII: 'Tub Of Tears' Was Shed By Women Of Hatfield-McCoy Feuders

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this newspaper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Much more has been written of the parts played by the men in the Hatfield-McCoy feud than has been said of the female of the species. When all is said and done, it was not theirs to reason why, just theirs to do as their menfolk directed.

In the early days of the mountain settlements, a wife was her husband's "woman" and usually was so introduced or identified in reference. Withal, though, she made the home, reared the children, and put up with whatever hardships came her way.

In the Hatfield-McCoy feud, the women had to put up with many additional hardships.

One cannot read the story of that bloody private war without seeing, between the lines, the tub of tears shed by the women of both sides.

MRS. ELLISON Hatfield, nee Miss Sarah Staton (1844-1935), was the first woman of the feuding clans to suffer. She was a widow at 38, with 10 children, the eldest being 16, when her husband died Aug. 9, 1882, two days after being mortally knifed and shot by three McCoy brothers, Tolbert, Phamer and Randolph Jr.

The greatest sufferer, without a doubt, was Sarah McCoy, wife of old Randolph McCoy. Five and a half years after watching three sons buried, she watched a fourth son, Calvin, and a daughter, Alifair, lowered into a grave across the creek from her log cabin on the hillside.

Her buxom, black-haired daughter, Rose Anne, was greatly mistreated by Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, eldest son of Devil Anse and Lucy Chafin Hatfield.

If all that would not cause tears of grief to flow, then it must be concluded that the fountain of her tears had dried up.

"AUNT SALLY," as intimates called Mrs. Randolph McCoy, cared for Cora McCoy, daughter of Tolbert McCoy, who was 11 when he was killed by the Hatfields in the triple murder in the paw paw thicket Aug. 9, 1882, after Ellison Hatfield died of knife and gun wounds the three McCoys had inflicted.

One can imagine how the grandmother would choke with grief as she recounted to little Cora the tragic end of the child's ill-fated father. All that a brother, living trouble, a trouble far worse than dead trouble.

There was sorrow and a lot of it. Women on both sides suffered great mental anguish, too.

There — yes, three times — the Hatfields tried to ambush Randolph McCoy. That caused his wife and daughters untold anguish.

On top of this, Mrs. Randolph McCoy was beaten the night her home was burned on Jan. 1, 1888. Her blood ran on the ground and froze her hair to the hard earth that frosty New Year's Day night, when her son, Calvin, and her daughter, Alifair, were killed.

IN TROUBLEMAKING between Hatfields and McCoys, in-laws were accused of keeping the pot boiling. It was surmised that they carried gossip from one clan to another, thus tipping off what one side planned against the other.

A case in the feud history will illustrate this.

Johnse Hatfield, after being Rose Anne McCoy's lover, married her cousin, Nancy McCoy. This was a thorn in the flesh to both of the feuding families. Nancy was the daughter of Harmon McCoy, brother of Randolph McCoy, who headed the McCoy clan as Devil Anse Hatfield headed the Hatfields.

The Hatfields reasoned that "blood is thicker than water" and had the notion that Johnse's wife was tattling to her people about the Hatfields.

MOREOVER, NANCY had a sister, Mrs. Bill Daniels, who was rated as one of the meanest women along Tug River, with a daughter who wasn't very far behind her mother in this respect. They were said to be riding all over the area running all their mouths about everything they heard or suspected.

The daughter and a rounder named Tom Wallace were said to be married but actually were not. Tom had palmed off on the girl a spurious wedding license, and the person officiating at the wedding lacked the proper papers.

When she discovered she was the victim of deception, she left him and went home to her parents. This provided a juicy morsel for area gossip.

Tom Wallace was a friend of Cap Hatfield, one of Devil Anse's sons, and the two of them decided to wreak vengeance on the two Daniels women, mother and daughter, for their gossiping.

WHILE BUTCHERING a cow, Cap Hatfield thought of a useful purpose to which he could put that cow's tail. Accordingly, the tail was cut off close to the cow and carefully put to one side.

That night, Cap and Tom, both armed, appeared at Bill Daniels' home. Daniels was forced to the wall at gunpoint while Cap beat Mrs. Daniels unmercifully with the cow's tail. Then Tom Wallace took over what was left of the cow's tail and severely beat the Daniels girl, with whom he had lived illicitly for a time.

This is the outstanding case of corporal punishment suffered by any woman whose people figured in the feud.

Later, Cap Hatfield killed Jeff McCoy, brother of Mrs. Bill Daniels and Mrs. Johnse Hatfield.

Rose Anne McCoy

This photograph of Rose Anne McCoy, furnished by Joe Creason of the Louisville Courier-Journal, is one not heretofore published here. It shows Rose Anne as she appeared later in life, not as she was when she was the young sweetheart of Johnse Hatfield.

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Rose Anne McCoy

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IX: Devil Anse's Family Circle Broken As Troy And Elias Shot In 1911

Editor's Note: This is another in a series of columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere Saturday in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview-State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield and Miss Levicy Chafin were married Thursday, April 18, 1861. By the close of the year 1890, they had 13 children, the youngest of whom was Tennyson "Tennis" Hatfield (1890-1953).

That family of 15, including the parents, seemed to live charmed lives. For more than half a century, there was not a death in the large family of Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield.

Then, 50½ years after the wedding of those two mountaineers, there was great mourning in their big two-story house on Island Creek in Logan County. The reason for the sorrow was the untimely death of two sons, Elias and Detroit "Troy" Hatfield.

HERE IS THE story of how the two brothers met their death.

There was a war for the supremacy of the saloon business in Falls District of Fayette County, this time a feud along the Great Kanawha River instead of along the Tug River. It was a bitter rivalry.

Elias, fifth child of Devil Anse, had the only saloon between Cannelton and Gauley Bridge. It was owned jointly by Elias Hatfield and M. J. Simms. They enjoyed a tremendous business and it was reported that this saloon netted the two partners a monthly profit of $1,000 each. It was said to be the best-paying saloon in Fayette County.

Desiring to cut in on the profits were others who ran saloons. One operator opened a saloon across Kanawha River at Eagle, on the south side of the stream. There was another oasis in operation across the Kanawha County line near Cannelton. Both saloons were bidding for the Hatfield-Simms trade.

TO STIMULATE trade, the Eagle saloon keeper ran a free ferry across the Kanawha River between Boomer and Black Diamond on the south side.

That took some of Hatfield's patronage but the competition that worried Hatfield more was Carl Hanson's saloon across the Kanawha County line from Fayette County. In Hatfield's thinking, Carl Hanson was an unethical competitor because Hanson cut the price on beer from $2 per case of three dozen bottles, to $2.25.

Then, to add lunch to injury, Hanson hired a popular Italian

Troy And Elias Hatfield

by the name of Ottavio Vagliozzo to solicit beer orders and deliver them to thirsty customers.

There was a large Italian population in and around Boomer, which had grown there as a result of the coal company at that place importing a horde of Italian strike-breakers there nine or ten years earlier.

Vagliozzo could speak the language of the Italians and was popular with them at Harewood, Smithers, Boomer, and other places along the Kanawha. This gave him a great advantage over the Hatfield-Simms saloon.

VAGLIOZZO HAD the nerve to invade the Hatfield-Simms saloon territory in Fayette County. Several times, the Italian was routed by Hatfield and threatened if he did not desist from coming over into the territory where Hatfield and Simms had enjoyed a monopoly in the liquor business.

On Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1911, the push came to a shove. That morning, the Italian poacher was found encroaching on Hatfield territory again after having been given a whipping earlier in the day by Elias Hatfield and sent down the road.

Word reached Elias that Vagliozzo was at the cabin of Angelo Valenzalo at Harewood. Elias took his brother, Troy, and went to Harewood in search of Vagliozzo. They found him in the kitchen of Valenzalo, a miner.

By then, it was about noon, according to Valenzalo, who was an eye-witness to the triple staying.

Vagliozzo, armed with a 32 calibre Colt pistol, opened fire on Elias Hatfield and put three bullets in him. Elias retreated out the front door and went around the house by the back door, leaving his brother, Troy, inside.

IN THE MEANTIME, Vagliozzo had emptied his

Troy returned the fire, sending three bullets into the Italian's body. Any one of them could have proved fatal.

After being shot, Vagliozzo left the house through the kitchen door and fell on his face in the back yard. After he fell, Elias Hatfield came on the scene and, placing his gun against the back of the man's head, sent a bullet through his brain.

After the shooting, Elias and Troy sat down on the back porch and discussed their wounds. Both realized they were mortally wounded and that death was near. In less than 10 minutes, Elias was gone, but Troy lived for half an hour.

Just before Troy died, he told a bystander, "There's no use looking for anybody. The man who killed us is dead."

THUS IT WAS that the immediate family circle of Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield was broken.

This made a heavy impact on the famous feuding family. Word spread from Logan County that Devil Anse, the feuding chief, had embraced religion.

"Uncle Dyke" Garrett, the veteran "hardshell" Baptist preacher of the mountains, who had soldiered with Devil Anse in the Civil War, with his "son in the gospel," J. G. McNeely, conducted the double funeral of Elias and Troy in Logan County, ty.

That day, the sons of Devil Anse made a public confession of faith in the God of their father. Their mother had long since been a member of the church.

Cap, Bob, Elliott, Johnse, Tennis, Joe and Willis Hatfield, the seven remaining sons of Devil Anse, promised "Uncle Dyke" that he could baptize them.

The Hatfields got religion! In the main, they held faithful, although in an instance or

Devil Anse's Resting Place

Italian sculpted, life-sized statue preserves likeness of Devil Anse Hatfield, leader of the famous West Virginia-Kentucky border feud in late 19th Century, and marks his and his wife's graves on Island Creek near Omar in Logan County. Names of their 12 children are listed on the face of the pedestal.

(Photo by Homer L. Wells)

Patriarch's Funeral At Island Creek Home

CHAPTER X

P 2

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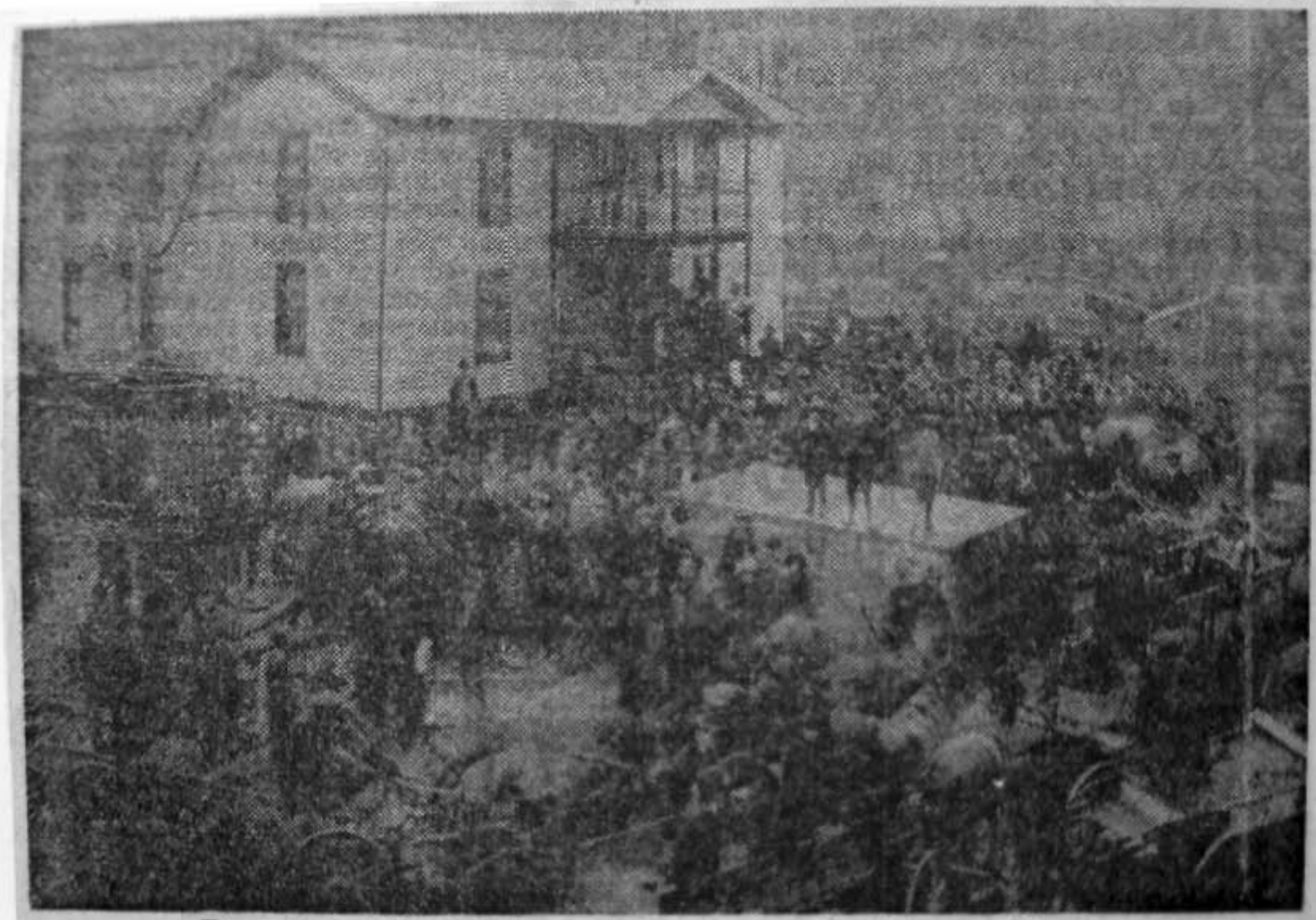


Patriarch's Funeral At Island Creek Home

Historic photograph of nearly half a century ago shows a general view of Devil Anse Hatfield's farm home on Island Creek in Logan County at the time of the old mountain feudist's funeral following his death from pneumonia on Jan. 6, 1921, at the age of 82. Morbidly curious spectators thronged with friends and the clan leader's family, which included his widow, their 11 surviving children, and 40 grandchildren.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter X: Two Sons Of Devil Anse Shake Hands Over Grave Of Father

Editor's Note: This is the last of a series of 10 columns first appearing in this paper in September, 1957, and being reprinted now by popular request generated by the new outdoor drama, "Hatfields and McCoys," which will premiere tonight in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park.

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

An expensive marble monument, topped by a life-sized statue o the famed feud leader, marks the graves of William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield and his wife, Levicy Chafin Hatfield, in the Hatfield Cemetery on Island Creek near Omar in Logan County.

Both died of pneumonia, he at the age of 82 and she eight years later at the age of 87.

Her full name is on the marker with her birth and death dates, 1842-1929, but he is identified as Capt. Anderson Hatfield, with dates 1839-1921, without his first name or the descriptive nickname by which he was known from Civil War days and still is called in historical accounts of the feud.

The tall monument lists the names of the couple's 13 children: Johnson, William A., Robert L., Nancy, Elliott R., Mary, Elizabeth, Elias, Troy, Joseph O., Rose, Willis E., and Tennis.

TROY'S REAL name was Detroit and Tennis's given name was Tennyson. William A. was commonly called "Cap."

Cap and his brother, Dr. Elliott R. Hatfield (Nov. 12, 1872-April 20, 1932) were estranged for a long time before their father's death on Jan. 6, 1921. They were bitter toward each other for years and this grieved their father, Devil Anse. It was his death-bed request that these two sons forgive each other and be friends.

On the funeral day, Cap led in the reconciliation and the two brothers shook hands. Tears flowed down the cheeks of both men like bubbles on the clear mountain streams of Logan County.

AT THE GRAVE of his father, Cap, the long-fierce feud lieutenant, who had killed perhaps more men than he could recall, told old "Uncle Dike" Garrett, Baptist preacher, that he had made his peace with God and was ready to be baptized any time the venerable old minister set.

"I will baptize you, boy," the preacher told Cap, "in the very hole whar I baptized yore pappy."

Cap Hatfield then raised his hand above his head and declared that he was done with malice and fighting and if any man wanted his life or his blood, he would not resist.

It was a dramatic moment at the funeral and made a profound impression on the minds of the great crowd present.

CAP DIED IN John Hopkins Hospital, Md., in August, 1930, less than 11 years after his father died. His brother, Elliott, died two years later. "At Rest" is inscribed on the doctor's stone in the hillside burial ground on Island Creek.

The marker of the eldest child of Devil Anse gives his full name, Johnson Hatfield, and dates, Jan. 6, 1862-April 19, 1922. Johnse was not as large as most of his brothers but he was far more handsome than the rest and was the Casanova of the clan.

Johnse died of a heart attack as he rode along Twisted Gum Creek, a stream between Gilbert Creek and Ben Creek in Logan County.

Other inscriptions are for Troy (Jan. 20, 1881-Oct. 17, 1911) and Elias M. (Nov. 2, 1873-Oct. 17, 1911), who were killed in the same gun fight with a liquor competitor salesman. Troy and Elias were the first of Devil Anse's children to die and it was a score of years after the Hatfield-McCoy feud had subsided.

Another stone in the same cemetery on Island Creek reads: "Nancy A. Vance Mullens, Aug. 13, 1869-May 1, 1939. Loved by all." There is a stone for "Lilly Curry, wife of Moss F. Hatfield, 1895-1921." On a little boy's grave is an inscription: "Cap S. Hatfield, Born April 2, 1891; died June 5, 1898. God's finger touched him and he slept."

IN MINGO COUNTY, across from Newtown on Mate Creek, is a high knoll where many Hatfields are buried in long rows. There I read names on concrete slabs, all alike.

There is a marker for Ellison Hatfield (1841-1882), whose killing started the feud in earnest. By him repose his wife, Sarah Staton Hatfield (1844-1935), and their son, Floyd Hatfield (1872-1949).

The earliest marker dates of which I made note were for "Eph. Hatfield. Born 1812. Died 1881." There was another marker for an "Eph. E. Hatfield."

There was one for the Rev. Joe Hatfield (April 6, 1891-Jan. 2, 1952), who was a Missionary Baptist preacher. We were friends for many years.

There were slabs for Allen Chafin (Oct. 29, 1869-Feb. 28, 1945), Pat Hatfield (1855-July 4, 1942), and Joe Hatfield (1862-Feb. 23, 1928).

Also marked were graves of Nancy Hatfield, Elias Hatfield, Smith Hatfield, Joe Glenn, A. A. Chafin, Joe Mounts, M. Browning, R. Hatfield, Tom Chafin, Turner Chafin, Henry Hatfield, and Leland Hatfield.

Yesterday And Today—

Most Hatfields Lived To Ripe Old Ages

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The more one writes on the subject of the Hatfield-McCoy feud the harder it becomes to find a good quitting place. Today some of the necrology of the feuding family is the topic, along with other incidents.

In June, 1967, Kirk Hatfield died. He was the baby in Ellison Hatfield's home when the three McCoy brothers fatally assaulted Ellison Hatfield on Aug. 7, 1882.

Kirk Hatfield, 85 when he died, was the last of the children of Ellison and Mrs. Sarah Staton ("Aunt Sarah") Hatfield.

Kirk Hatfield married Miss Agatha Gaye Brotherton, a school teacher, who was born at Rock Castle, about where I was born.

She and Kirk Hatfield had been married for more than 50 years when he passed away in 1967. They had five daughters.

MOST OF THE Hatfield people and their friends lived to a ripe old age. Devil Anse was past 82 when he died on Jan. 6, 1921. His wife, Mrs. Levicy Chafin Hatfield, died at the age of 87 on March 15, 1929. Both died of pneumonia.

Mrs. Rebecca Hatfield Mounts died of burns on Feb. 7, 1960. She was 97 years old when her dress caught fire from an open fireplace in her home. En route to the hospital at Williamson, this niece of Devil Anse Hatfield, died. Her home was at Vulcan, Ky.

Charles Harrison, no relation to Devil Anse, had lived with the Hatfields during the years when the feud of the 1880-1890 decade was aflame. He was one of the last associates of Devil Anse. When he died on Dec. 18, 1962, Charles Harrison was 96 years old. He died at the home of Kelly Hatfield, a cousin of Devil Anse.

Charles Henry Howell, barber and shoe repairman, lived in Logan County when the feud was fought. He said he had "cut the hair of old Devil Anse many a time." Howell was a deputy sheriff in Logan County during part of the feud time. He was living in Putnam county when he died on April 2, 1957, at the ripe old age of 99 years. He is buried in the Howell Cemetery near Milton.

MRS. REBECCA Hatfield, widow of Montaville Hatfield, a distant cousin of Devil Anse, was 86 when she passed away May 14, 1949.

Montaville Hatfield drew a life term in the Kentucky penitentiary on a murder charge in Pike County. While he was in prison, his wife remarried.

Hatfield served only a few years of his sentence and was released as he had a record of good conduct. On returning home, he regained his wife and lived with her until a neighbor killed him in a quarrel over a line fence during the first decade of this century.

His release from prison was the result of [illegible] being discovered that he had been "framed" on the murder charge.

GASTON HATFIELD (Dec. 9, 1868 - Jan. 22, 1958) was the son of Valentine Wall and Isabelle Lester Hatfield. His life spanned 77 years. Devil Anse was his uncle.

Mrs. Rose Hatfield-Browning was 79 when she died Aug. 31, 1965. She was the youngest of Devil Anse's daughters. Her real name was "Rosada" but was called "Rose" for short.

Joseph David (Joe) Hatfield (April 3, 1882 - May 13, 1963) was the seventh child of the 13 born to Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield. Joe was a four-month-old baby when the election day fight occurred at the mouth of Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky., which was the kick-off of the famed feud. He lived to the advanced age of 81 years, one month and 10 days.

MRS. ELLIOTT R. (Margaret Jane) Hatfield, daughter-in-law of Devil Anse, was 89 years, 4 months and 8 days old when she died at White Sulphur Springs on Sept. 17, 1963. Her husband, Dr. Elliott R. Hatfield, was the fourth child born in the Devil Anse Hatfield family.

Mrs. Lottie Hunt Hatfield, daughter-in-law of Devil Anse and daughter of Dr. A. L. Hunter, Pax physician died Jan. 30, 1958, at age 71. She was born May 3, 1886.

Sons of Devil Anse, all but Joe, died comparatively young. Johnson at 60; Cap at 67; Elliott at 60; Elias at 39; Troy at 30. Joe was past 81 at the time of his death.

Yesterday And Today—

Tobacco Chaw Got Hatfields To Church

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A Sunday School story was called to my attention because of my continuing research into the Hatfield-McCoy feud and supplemental material concerning the two mountain families.

Today's offering is a reprint of that Methodist literature, entitled, "The Day the Hatfields Went to Church."

ONE MORNING back in the 1880s, as his horse picked its way along a mountain trail near the Kentucky-West Virginia border, a circuit rider suddenly found himself completely surrounded by armed men.

Guns were leveled at him as the leader stepped forward.

He was a powerful, deep-chested man with a long, black beard, and he had one question for the astonished minister on whom he fixed an unwavering stare.

"Would you happen to have a chaw on you, suh?"

The preacher was the late Rev. William Isaiah Fogleman, who for 60 years rode mountain vastnesses as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Facing him was William Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield, already legendary as head of a clan which for almost half a century would fight a bloody feud with the McCoys across the Tug River in Kentucky.

THIS MEETING (Fogleman did happen to have "a chaw" with him) was the beginning of a strange friendship. From that time on, Devil Anse, who never left home without his small army, watched for the preacher on his trips into the hills. Always there was chewing tobacco for Anse in the saddlebags of the man of God, who traveled the mountain trails.

"Preacher," the Hatfield chieftain once told his friend, "from the time you started up the mountain until you crossed down into the valley, some man here has had his glass fixed on you. And if anyone had ever laid the weight of his hand on you, he'd never see the sun go down."

Not much later, to the circuit rider's astonishment, he announced brusquely: "Me and my men would like to hear you preach."

Anse set the date, asking the preacher not to announce when the Hatfields were coming: "We don't want to fight around the church."

ON THE DAY of the service, Fogleman told his congregation that some extra worshipers would soon appear and suggested that the men seated in the two back rows move forward. This was done speedily when the Hatfields filed in and stacked their rifles in a corner. At no time did the "extra worshipers" cause trouble.

Devil Anse? Well, to tell the truth, he never did become a Methodist. Later in life (he died a natural death in his 80s) he joined a Baptist church.

Those who have studied the region and the family, however, agree that it was the seldom-sung circuit rider who did the toughest spadework — and who at last succeeded in bringing the Hatfield clan into a church, guns and all.

Yesterday And Today—

As Predicted, Feudist Died Naturally

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Forty nine years ago, William A. (Devil Anse) Hatfield died on a Thursday night, Jan. 6, 1921, the aged West Virginia mountain chieftain succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.

Though he had been in failing health for several weeks, it was a paralytic stroke, following an attack of pneumonia, that took the toll of the clan leader's life.

He was 82 years, 3 months and 27 days of age at the time of his death. A veteran of the Civil War, in which he served as a captain in the Confederate Army, Hatfield had many close calls with death when he was fired upon from ambush and in hand-to-hand combat with the McCoys.

All along, he had predicted he would die a natural death free of any scars of conflict. This he did, in his home at Island Creek in Logan county.

Famed for his part in the celebrated feud, Devil Anse Hatfield was a national legend when he died, friends of jurists, governors, and others of note.

THE PATERNAL grandparents of Devil Anse were Valentine Hatfield and Elizabeth Vance Hatfield, natives of Russell County, Va. They had 11 children, one of whom was Ephraim Hatfield, father of Devil Anse.

Ephraim Hatfield of Logan County married Nancy Vance of Russell County, Va. This couple had 18 children, eight of whom died young. One of those 18 children was the one they named William Anderson — called Anse for short, and later to be known as Devil Anse.

On April 18, 1861, William Anderson Hatfield and Levicy Chafin were married. They had 12 children, all of whom lived to be grown.

In 1861, Hatfield served in the state militia but in 1862 joined the regular Confederate Army as a first lieutenant in the 45th Virginia Infantry. He rose to rank of captain but resigned in 1865.

Then he recruited a company of Home Guards, which, until the close of the Civil War, served in the Virginia and Kentucky counties bordering on the Tug river. Some of the Mafloy men were in this Home Guard unit.

DEVIL ANSE Hatfield was not a violent man. He was neither an outlaw in the generally understood meaning of that word nor a hoodlum or a gunman such as infest the big cities of the country today.

He was a kind hearted man of the mountains who fed and gave shelter and hospitality to more people than any man who has ever walked the black dirt of Logan and Mingo counties.

In the years of his long lifetime, Devil Anse — and as far as we know he never resented that appellation — dug his living out of the ground of mountain farm land. Along with what little farming he and his sons did, they sold off some of their timber, raised a few cattle and otherwise supplemented the meager family income.

Devil Anse Hatfield was never the fiend that journalists in search of the sensational took sadistic glee in portraying him.

WHILE DEVIL ANSE has been pictured in papers as a bearded giant, the man was only five feet-nine inches tall and was lean. Walter Thurmond, the coal man of Logan note, used to tell how he knew Devil Anse quite well and often tried to pin him down to talk about the feud.

However, Hatfield never liked to discuss the matter. Walter once related how the old man once said, "We were at a certain place on a certain night and so many people were killed."

First time Thurmond ever met Hatfield was in 1912 when Thurmond went to Logan to negotiate leases on coal lands. When Thurmond and others reached the Hatfield home they were riding mules.

Cap Hatfield, son of Devil Anse, met them and said, "How do you do, gentlemen! Hitch your beasts and come in an' sit." That was the cordial hospitality of the Hatfields.

Then and there Walter Thurmond struck up a friendship with Devil Anse that lasted until the old patriarch of the clan passed away.

IT WAS ALWAYS said of Mrs. Hatfield that she "set a good table." No one was ever turned away from the Hatfield house hungry. No man in the Island Creek community wielded more influence than Devil Anse. No one ever saw him angry in his later years.

While people liked to go to get him to talk about the feud, he never got riled up against them but managed to veer the conversation to other and more pleasant subjects. He got along as well or better than anyone in the community.

He always wore a long beard and let his hair grow, too. In his dress, he was always the typical mountaineer. Those who knew Hatfield said he was "straight as an Indian."

Yesterday And Today—

Ewell Hatfield Collected Feud Artifacts

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Ewell W. Hatfield, who died at Punta Gorda, Fla., on Dec. 28, was a grandson of William A. (Devil Anse) Hatfield (Sept. 9, 1839-Jan. 6, 1921).

Ewell's father, Elliott Hatfield (Nov. 12, 1872-April 30, 1932), a doctor of medicine, was the fourth child of Devil Anse and wife, Levicy Chafin Hatfield (1842-March 15, 1939).

Like his father, Ewell was well-educated. After being graduated from the University of Kentucky, he did graduate work at the University of Cincinnati, where he took his master of arts degree and then returned to his native Mingo County to teach.

He was a school principal at Matewan until moving to Charleston, where he became an insurance executive and was long active in civic affairs.

BEING EDUCATED, Ewell W. Hatfield had a sense of history, so after the Hatfield-McCoy feud became widely-known, he collected artifacts that figured prominently in the fighting.

These included the 44-90 Winchester rifle, with lever action, that his grandfather had carried during the long years of the noted feud. During the West Virginia Centennial, the celebrated rifle was on display in the Charleston Civic Center Oct. 25-27, 1963, durng a gun and coin show.

Another memento in Ewell's collection was the shirt Ellison Hatfield was wearing when piled by Tolbert McCoy, 31, Phamer McCoy, 19, and Randolph McCoy Jr., 15, in the famed election day fight of 87 years ago.

At hand is a picture of Ewell Hatfield holding up that shirt with knife cuts and bullet holes in it.

ELLISON HATFIELD, a very handsome man, was a Confederate soldier. He was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and was one of the few soldiers in grey who escaped unscathed from that fiasco, only to lose his life 17 years later in the family feud.

That election day fight occurred Aug. 7, 1882, near the mouth of Blackberry Creek, which empties into Tug River near Matewan. It was in Pike County, Ky., where the election was held and where Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, was mortally wounded.

He died in the cabin home of Jerry Ferrell in Warm Hollow, a little distance down the Tug at Matewan. Warm Hollow is immediately back of the N&W Railway depot and the Matewan Methodist Church.

TWO DAYS AFTER he was stabbed and shot by the three sons of Randolph McCoy Sr., Ellison Hatfield succumbed to his wounds on the afternoon of Aug. 9, 1882.

Meanwhile, the three McCoy assailants of Ellison were being held by some of the Hatfields and clan members pending Ellison's death or recovery. They were held as hostages on the West Virginia side of the Tug in Logan County, the part of Logan which, in 1895, was made into Mingo County, youngest of this state's 55 counties.

Early on the night of Aug. 9, after their victim had expired, the three McCoy brothers were spirited across the Tug to Pike County, Ky., tethered to paw paw bushes and summarily executed by some of the Hatfields and their friends. Multiple gunshot wounds were assigned as the cause of their bloody deaths.

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the Hatfield-McCoy feud. With the forthcoming drama to be staged for 10 weeks in Cliffside Amphitheatre at Grandview State Park in Raleigh County, more will be written.

Judgment on the moral aspect of that notorious feud should be rendered in light of the philosophy and background of the contestants. The feud flamed in a day of rugged individualism — a day when a man had to be rugged if he came through in one piece.

Those two feuding families were simple-minded mountain folks, who lived a primitive life By saying simple-minded, it is not meant that they were simpletons. Far from it. They had good minds, as their descendants have proved.

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as well as a life for a life, was the unwritten law in the section where the feud was fought. Self-defense was the application of that law. Fear of one another spread from individuals to whole families. This led them to take no chances.

Yesterday And Today—

The Elias Hatfields Were All Bold Men--I

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Some days ago Bill Blakely of 302 Beverly St., Beckley, showed me an old article of agreement. It was made by Elias Hatfield to L. H. Blakely, Bill's father.

The date of the document is July 28, 1890. It is interesting in that it is entirely in the handwriting of Elias Hatfield.

Steady and sure is the penmanship. A study of it reveals a vigorous hand and steady nerve. Of the writer one can safely assume that having been raised in a thicket, he was not one to be scared by a cricket, as an old mountain saying goes.

In this written agreement Elias Hatfield "bargained and sold" to L. H. Blakely "a certain piece or parcel of land containing 600 more or less acres lying on Tug River near the Hatfield tunnel in the County of Logan in the State of West Virginia for the price agreed upon, $15 per acre which is to be paid for within 30 and 60 days from date."

HATFIELD capitalized nearly all the letters in the words in the agreement. His spelling might not have made a passing grade. He spelled "which" as "witch" and "effect" as "efect". His punctuation leaves a lot to be desired. But the old mountaineer's meaning was as crystal clear as the water in the mountain streams of the area where he lived.

Bold is his signature, ELIAS HATFIELD. And to the right of it is a curleyque circle with the word SEAL written inside it. After the passage of more than 71 years, the ink has not faded. It is an interesting item in that it shows the price brought by mountain land long ago. Then, too, it is of added interest because of its connection with a noted family of this state.

AS FOR THE MAN, Elias Hatfield, there were a number of men named Elias Hatfield. There was an Elias Hatfield Sr. and an Elias Hatfield Jr. "Devil Anse" Hatfield had a son named Elias Hatfield. Then there was another Elias Hatfield who was known as "Bad 'Lias".

First let's look at "Bad Elias" Hatfield. He was the brother of Rev. "Preacher" Anse Hatfield. This "Preacher" Anse Hatfield is not to be confused with "Devil Anse", who was just the opposite of what a "preacher" is reputed to be. "Bad 'Lias" was a hard drinker who lived two miles up Blackberry Creek from the mouth of Hatfield Branch.

On Aug. 7, 1882, there was an election in Pike County. There was a voting precinct across Tug River at the point where Hatfield Branch empties into Blackberry Creek. Although "Bad Elias" lived in West Virginia and had no business in Kentucky, he went over anyhow. He was drunk.

With him came his strong brother, Ellison Hatfield, a Confederate soldier who was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

ON THAT ELECTION day of 79 years ago, some of the McCoys were present at this precinct near the home of Jerry Hatfield, a large old two-story house that is still standing and occupied by a Hatfield family.

One of the McCoys was Tolbert McCoy, 31-year old son of Randolph McCoy, who was destined to be leader of the McCoy clan in the world-famous feud that was to open bloodily on that very election day. It happened that Tolbert McCoy had sold a fiddle to "Bad 'Lias" some time before, and there was a small amount still owing to Tolbert McCoy on the deal. The amount was small—about $1.75, some say—but Tolbert McCoy told "Bad 'Lias" he wanted his money. An argument ensued.

In addition to the tensions accompanying the election, "Bad 'Lias" was drunk and in a foul mood. "Preacher" Anse Hatfield sensed what was brewing and left his place at the election table to break up what looked like it was going to be a fight. He got Tolbert McCoy and his two brothers, Phamer, 19, and Randolph Jr., 15, who were backing up Tolbert, to come near the election table where he could keep an eye on them. It looked like the storm was over. But it wasn't.

THAT AFTERNOON the three McCoy brothers piled on to Ellison Hatfield, a brother of "Bad 'Lias" and stabbed and shot him. He was to die from his wounds. All three McCoy brothers broke from the crowd and ran. "Bad 'Lias" emptied his revolver at them but without effect.

"Devil Anse" heard of Ellison's wounds and laid plans which were to have all three McCoy brothers shot to death within a week's time.

Then and there on the election day, Aug. 7, 1882, the feud started.

Tomorrow, the story of another Elias Hatfield will be told, the one who wrote the article of agreement which Bill Blakely has.

Yesterday And Today—

The Elias Hatfields Were All Bold Men--II

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

After mention of Elias Hatfield yesterday it was thought well to discuss this old feudist who was the father of Henry D. Hatfield, former governor and U. S. Senator from West Virginia.

Bill Blakely of Beverly Street, here, has in his files an old handwritten article of agreement which Elias Hatfield penned. There were a number of Elias Hatfields but today's subject was a brother of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, leader of the Hatfield clan in the famous feud of the latter part of the past century. This Elias Hatfield was one of the seven sons of Ephraim "Big Eph" and Nancy Vance Hatfield.

Those seven sons of "Big Eph" and Nancy Hatfield, in order of their age, were Valentine "Wall"; William Anderson "Devil Anse"; Elias, today's subject; Ellison, who was in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; Smith; and Patterson. Elias Hatfield was the father of three sons, Henry Drury, Greenway, and Wayne.

Henry Drury Hatfield became a doctor, entered politics, and was elected governor of West Virginia. His term as governor was 1913-17. Governor Hatfield was born in Logan County Sept. 14, 1875. In 1929 he was elected United States senator for the term which ended March 3, 1935. He was president of the W. Va. State Senate during the session of 1911.

Dr. Hatfield is still living.

Of all the members and descendants of the feuding Hatfield family, Dr. Hatfield, son of Elias, attained the highest offices and honors ever held by any of them.

ELIAS HATFIELD, who had a son, Elias Jr., ran afoul of the law in Pike County, Ky. In 1880, or thereabouts, a band of the well armed Hatfields crossed the Tug River into Pike County. They were high-spirited men who were all right until they were crossed. Poking around in Pike County by the Hatfields annoyed the McCoys who lived there.

On Oct. 22, 1880, Devil Anse, Elias, Elias Jr., Floyd Hatfield, Thomas Chafins, John Chafins, and certain others were charged in Pike County with ganging up and that for the purpose of bothering Pike County residents, annoying and upsetting them, against the peace and dignity of the state. It will be noted Elias Sr. was in on this but the Hatfields paid no attention to the warrant.

WHEN JOHNSON "Johnse" Hatfield, Elias' nephew and Devil Anse's oldest son, was caught and spirited away one night by the McCoy men, Elias joined with his brother, Devil Anse, and rode after the McCoys to rescue "Johnse." "Johnse" and Rose Anne McCoy, buxom, black haired daughter of Randolph McCoy, leader of the McCoy clan, were lovers. This the McCoys did not relish "ery" a bit. Mrs. Elias Hatfield did not want her husband to get mixed up in this escapade but she was over ruled by Devil Anse and Elias went.

IN THE ELECTION melee on Aug. 7, 1882, when his brother Ellison Hatfield was mortally wounded by the three McCoy sons of old Randolph McCoy, Elias Hatfield Sr. was one of the participants. After Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph McCoy Jr. were tied to the pawpaw bushes across the Tug at the mouth of Mat Creek, and all three were shot and killed for Ellison's death, it was figured Elias Jr., was one of the killers.

He was indicted by Kentucky along with 19 others for "wilfully, feloniously and of their malice aforethought" killing "with a gun or pistol loaded with powder and ball" the three ill-fated McCoy men. Serving the warrants and catching the Hatfields and their confederates in Pike County, Ky., was something else. The court clerk made this entry concerning the indicted men: "Not found in this county, Feb. 19, 1883." And they were not about to be found in it either!

IN THE LIBRARY of Congress is an etching made by The New York Times reporter, T. C. Crawford, who came from New York to call on Devil Anse. He ran into Elias Hatfield and his little girl and drew a noted sketch of them. The sketch can be seen in Crawford's work, "An American Vendetta." When Crawford saw Elias, the old mountaineer had his Winchester in his hand.

In December, 1890, the year Elias Hatfield let L. H. Blakely have 600 acres of land in Logan County, Elias and his son Greenway, came to Charleston U. S. Federal Court to plead to an indictment for moonshining. They were tried and acquitted.

In July, 1891, Elias Hatfield, then a deputy, brought a prisoner to Moundsville. Reporters interviewed him and he blasted the newspapers for all the articles published about the feud. All a bunch of lies, he said.

IN 1896 Elias Hatfield was a jailor at Logan. His son Greenway was U. S. deputy marshall. When Kentucky sought extradition of the men charged with the murder of the McCoy brothers, the secretary of state of West Virginia, Henry S. Walker, replied on Nov. 21, 1887, that all the requisitions would be honored except the ones for Elias Hatfield and Andrew Varney. Walker wrote that the governor of West Virginia was convinced that these two men had absolutely nothing to do with the triple killing.

As a matter of fact these two men were on the West Virginia side of Tug River near where Ellison Hatfield had died in the evening of Aug. 9, 1882, at the cabin of Anderson Ferrell in Warm Hollow, just in front of the depot in Matewan of our day and generation.

Elias Hatfield is buried in New Town cemetery in Mingo County. On his grave marker there are no dates given.

Another Elias Hatfield Monday.

Yesterday And Today—

The Elias Hatfields Were All Bold Men--III

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Today another Elias Hatfields is being mentioned in this column. This series got started when Bill Blakely showed me some papers that were written in long hand by Elias Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, and the father of Ex-Governor and former U. S. Senator Henry D. Hatfield, M.D.

When Elias Hatfield executed the documents mentioned the feud between the families of Devil Anse Hatfield and Randolph McCoy was about over. Randolph McCoy was the father of thirteen children, James, Tolbert, Phamer, Twinville, Josephine, Allifair, Adelaide, Rose Anne, Randolph Jr., Floyd, Sam, Calvin, and Fanny.

The Hatfields and their friends killed Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph Jr., on the night of August 9, 1882, the night their victim, Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, died of wounds inflicted a week earlier. On New Year's Day night, 1888, in an apparent effort to wipe out witnesses against them in any possible murder trials a number of the Hatfields and their friends made a raid on the home of Randolph McCoy and killed Allifair McCoy and her brother Calvin.

These feud victims are buried across the trail from where the McCoy home stood on the waters of Blackberry Fork of Pond Creek in Pike Co., Ky.

EVEN AS Randolph McCoy and his wife Sarah had thirteen children, that number was matched by William Anderson ("Devil Anse") Hatfield and his wife Levicy Chafin Hatfield. The thirteen Hatfield children were Johnson ("Johnse"), William Anderson, ("Cap") Robert E. Lee, Elliott, Elias, Detroit ("Troy"), Joseph, Willis Wilson, Nancy, Mary, Elizabeth, Rosada, and Tennyson ("Tennis").

Listing the children of Devil Anse brings up the subject of Elias Hatfield, his son, who was well known in Fayette County. He was named for his uncle, Elias Hatfield Sr., the father of ex-Governor, Henry D. Hatfield, M.D.

ELIAS HATFIELD, was the fifth child of Devil Anse. Born in 1878 he was too young to get into the main feud since he was not quite four years old when three McCoy brothers were tied to pawpaw bushes across the Tug from the mouth of Mate Creek and shot to death on the night of August 9, 1882.

In 1898 the authorities seized Johnson ("Johnse") Hatfield, oldest brother of Elias, and son of Devil Anse. They brought him to trial in Prestonburg, Ky., and convicted him. He was given a life sentence in the Kentucky Penitentiary at Frankfort. It wasn't long until Johnse was pardoned. He had saved he Warden from being killed by a big Negro prisoner. For this deed, Johnson Hatfield was set free by the Lt. Governor of Kentucky, acting in the Governor's absence.

THE MAN who had done more than anyone else to put Johnson Hatfield in prison was a man named Doc. Ellis. His real name was Humphrey E. Ellis. All the Hatfields were mad at Ellis, particularly Elias Hatfield.

At the time Elias was only eighteen years old. One day when the train pulled in at the Gray depot in Mingo County, Ellis was standing on the platform of the rear coach. A bunch of people we there when the train stopped and among them was young Elias Hatfield.

The sight of Ellis aroused the anger of Elias Hatfield who made a vicious remark about him. Sighting Elias Hatfield and sensing trouble, Ellis stepped back into the car and got his gun. Also sensing trouble was the 18-year old youth, Elias Hatfield. When Ellis returned to the platform of the coach, Elias Hatfield was ready and waiting for him. Hatfield fired and Ellis dropped dead.

For his murder of Doc Ellis, Elias Hatfield drew an eighteen year term at Moundsville. He served only a fraction of the long sentence. One time Judge W. A. Riffe showed me some of the legal proceedings in connection with Hatfield's appeal, as I recall it. It was in the South - Eastern Reporter, as the matter comes to mind, and the sentence of Hatfield was upheld.

ON HIS RELEASE FROM prison Elias Hatfield and his brother Troy were hired by the Virginian Railroad as detectives. One of their first jobs was to break up the habit of some people of shooting at trains over Slab Fork way in Raleigh County. They were hired by John Kee, later Congressmen Kee, whose widow is now our Congresswoman.

After leaving the employ of the Virginian, the two Hatfield brothers came to Fayette County. They opened a saloon at Harewood. But business was none too good at Harewood and the pasture at Boomer looked greener. Accordingly, Elias and Troy Hatfield went to Boomer and there opened another saloon. There was a sizeable Italian population at Boomer where the drinking business was divided between the two saloons.

An Italian was hired by the opposition to peddle its beer to Italian homes. The Hatfields objected to this sort of thing and tried to get peddler Octavia Gerone to desist. They beat him up but to no effect. They went to Gerone's house to try to persuade him. Gerone was in no mood to listen to reason so he shot the two Hatfield brothers. Before they died one of the two killed the Italian with his .32. All were dead in twenty minutes. Date was Oct. 17, 1911. Soon it'll be fifty years since the two Hatfields fell, the first deaths in Devil Anse's big family of thirteen children.

'Devil Anse' Hatfield
Head Of The Clan

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter I: Causes, Events Behind Nation's Biggest Family Feud Of Hatfields, McCoys

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Because of the Hatfield-McCoy feud of the 1880's and some time thereafter is one of the noted stories of folk-lore in America its retelling in this column is beginning today. Then, too, it is being retold at the request of many, many readers who seem never to tire of the famous feud tales.

Today the causes of that family-and-friends war between the Hatfields and the McCoys will be considered—the events which led up to the tragedy, if you please. There were many causes, an accumulation of things that finally touched off the feud, or private war, which it actually was, between two determined families.

First cause I think can be attributed to the very nature of those mountains. Both families were people of sorts because most of British origin poured in their veins. That blood became stubborn resistance and unflinching determination, an unwavering will.

Came the Civil War of 1861-65 and inspired feud to spread and heighten.

On the Union street was Randolph McCoy, leader of the McCoy clan.

On the Confederate street "as best of devil and 130 pounds of hell", according to Randolph McCoy, was Anderson ("Devil Anse") Hatfield, head of the Hatfield horde.

When the war ended in 1865 the internecine feelings of these two neighboring families—only the narrow Tug River separated them—did not make for friendly relations. Indeed it had been rumored that "Devil Anse" Hatfield, in the course of his warfare sometime before the Civil War ended, had slain Harmon McCoy, a brother of Randolph McCoy.

This rumor was never proven. In fact Anse stated that Jim Vance, later to die in the feud as a friend of the Hatfields, was the one who murdered Harmon McCoy. Whoever killed Harmon McCoy is unknown for sure even to this day but, one thing is sure, his death created ill feeling between the McCoys and the Hatfields, from the McCoy corner, of course.

A THIRD CAUSE of the feud was a family quarrel which wound up in the court of a justice of the peace. That was eight years after the Civil War had ended. In those days in the rugged regions on the Tug the people fit their laws run loose and lather on the heels of hot hearing trees, cheating, arson, incest, and other vices.

Boys were married, their sons being old with definite war marks. In fact, a farmer then had his wars war-marks engraved with the county court just as he put deeds to his real estate on record.

One day Floyd Hatfield, son of George Hatfield, and a cousin of "Devil Anse", rounded up an old sow and some pigs. Randolph McCoy came by and said the sow was his hog. Floyd Hatfield and Randolph McCoy had married sisters and, therefore, were brothers-in-law.

The dispute over whose hog it was led to a lawsuit. As is the case when parties go to court, no one wins, in the last analysis, but those who are paid for the part they play in the trial. It was a jury trial and the hog was decreed the property of Floyd Hatfield. Jurymen had married into the families of the two contestants and this, it was thought, colored their judgment of the evidence and law, such as it was.

Bill Staton is a case in point. He had married into the Hatfield family and was accused by Randolph McCoy of swearing to a lie on the witness stand. Later on this Bill Staton was slain in the woods. Paris McCoy and Tops McCoy—brothers, if you please, and nephews of old Randolph McCoy—were accused of the murder.

Elison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse Hatfield, had married Bill Staton's sister and swore out a warrant for the brothers, Paris and Sam McCoy. At the trial expected revolved, self-defense being established by Killer Sam McCoy. Because Elison Hatfield had vigorously prosecuted the two McCoys, he was hated by all the Mc-

PERSONALITY CLASHES because of national mood, feelings engendered by the parts each family played in the Civil War; hatreds growing out of the trial over the hog; increasing dislike of in-laws among the inter-married families; and the open hate of Elison Hatfield by the McCoys because he prosecuted the two McCoys who shot his brother-in-law, Bill Staton, made for a build-up of atmosphere in which it was easy for crime to breed.

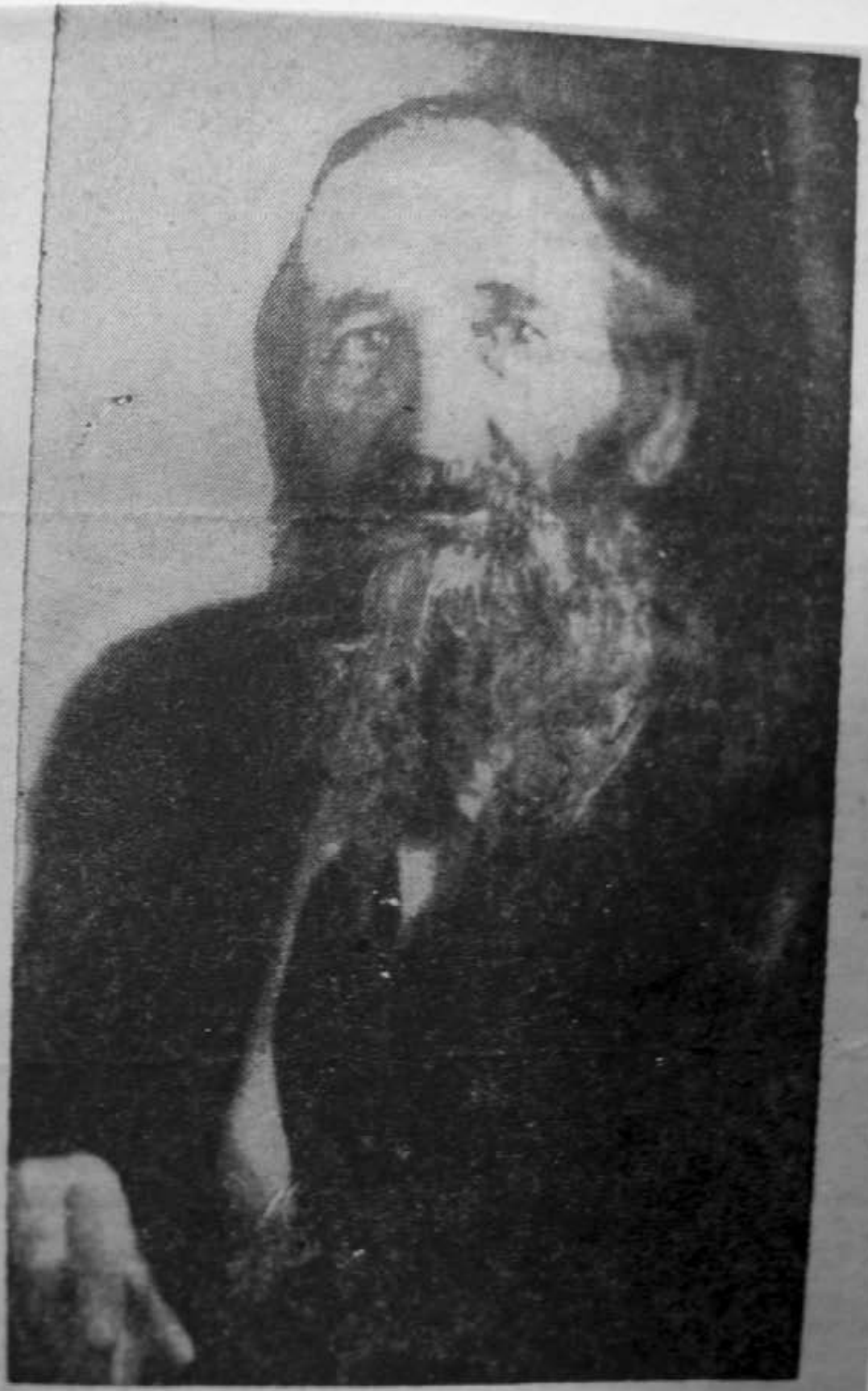
Proximity of the two large families—those of McCoys and the Hatfields—got on each other's nerves. But there was still another cause that contributed to the kick-off of the shooting in the feud when the situation got ripe. It was this: Oldest of the 13 children of Devil Anse and Levicy Chafin Hatfield, his wife, was Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield. "Johnse", as he was called for short, was a handsome young man. His parents were married in 1881. In Pike County, Ky., across the Tug from Logan County, Va., (now Mingo Co., W. Va.) lived attractive, black-haired Rose Anna McCoy, eighth of the 13 children of Randolph and Sallie McCoy, his wife. Johnse Hatfield was born Jan. 8, 1862, and died on April 18, 1922. Information at hand indicates Rose Anna McCoy was a year older than Johnse Hatfield but that made little difference.

AT THE PRIMARY ELECTION in 1880 a number of the Hatfields came over the Tug to tarry a time at the election site at the mouth of Hatfield Branch where it empties into Blackberry Creek, a tributary of the Tug River. People gathered there to see one another and catch up with what was going on in the neighborhood.

That day Johnse Hatfield, 18, and Rose Anna McCoy, 19, paired off. They strolled off by themselves. Then it was the start of their clandestine friendship got under way, the meanderings of which through the next two or three years were to further widen the breach between the two old families.

Here is no place to parade all that went on between the two lovers. Suffice it to say that the gossip of the region was to the effect that Johnse Hatfield jilted Rose Anna McCoy to marry her cousin Nancy McCoy, daughter of Harmon McCoy, brother of Randolph. Word was that scandal caused Rose Anna McCoy to miscarry and die, she and her unborn babe. This made more McCoy anger.

Chapter II Monday



'Devil Anse' Hatfield
Head Of The Clan

Chapter II: History Of Reckless Leaders In The Celebrated Hatfield-McCoy Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Some of the background of the Hatfields is in order today.

Over in Russell County, Va., lived Ephraim Hatfield. He lived on Thompson Creek in present day New Garden District. About 1790 his wife died from complications attendant upon childbirth. Prior to her marriage to Ephraim Hatfield, she was Miss Mary Smith. When she died, Mrs. Ephraim Hatfield left her husband with two little boys, named Joseph and Valentine.

In 1792, Indians made a raid on the settlements in Russell Co., Va., and killed David Musick, and carried his wife, Mrs. Anna Musick, and her five children away into Shawnee captivity.

When word of the Indian foray was spread a posse was organized to pursue the savages and rescue the white captives. One of the pursuers was widower Ephraim Hatfield. After Mrs. Anna Musick and her five fatherless children were rescued from the Indians they were returned to their home in the Big A Mountain region on the waters of Clinch River in Russell County.

Soon after the excitement attendant upon the Indian depredations had died down, Ephraim Hatfield with his two motherless sons found a lot in common with the widow Musick and her five fatherless children. The result of misery loving company was that Mrs. Musick and Ephraim Hatfield got married.

In time they moved to Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky., largest county in area east of the Mississippi. They settled not very far from present day Matewan, W. Va. Valentine "Wall" Hatfield likewise came to the Big Sandy River region and reared his cabin at Spring, a Mingo County settlement of our time. There it was that Valentine "Wall" Hatfield reared himself a big family.

WALL HATFIELD'S wife was Elizabeth Vance, native of Russell Co., Va. They had a family of either 11 or 13 children. One of their children was named Ephraim. He was named for his grandfather who married the widow of Indian victim, David Musick. To distinguish this grandson from his grandfather Ephraim Hatfield, they called the grandson "Big Eph", the allusion being to his huge size.

"Big Eph" Hatfield was born there at present day Spriggs, W. Va., in 1812. He died in the year 1881 and is buried in the ancestral burial grounds of the Hatfield family at Newtown on Mate Creek in Mingo County.

"Big Eph" sired a great family of 18 children. Only ten of these lived to be anything like grown.

First of "Big Eph's" children was a boy they named Valentine "Wall", naming him for his grandfather by the same name and nickname. Next of "Big Eph's" children was William Anderson Hatfield, subsequently known to the world as "Devil Anse" Hatfield.

Next was Elias Hatfield, whose son Henry D. Hatfield, became Governor of West Virginia, and United States Senator from this state. He is still living and owns a hospital in Huntington, W. Va. Fourth of the sons who sprang from the loins of "Big Eph" Hatfield was Ellison Hatfield. We need go no further in "Big Eph's" family as this introduces those to be mentioned today.

BORN SEPT. 9, 1838, was William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield. On April 18, 1861, he married Miss Levicy Chafin, who bore the famous feudist 12 children.

Now a word about the Civil War record of "Devil Anse" Hatfield and that of his brother Ellison Hatfield. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Devil Anse Hatfield was serving with the state militia. Came 1862 and Devil Anse joined the regular Confederate States of America army. He was in a unit that was known as the "Logan Wildcats".

He became a first lieutenant in the 45th Virginia Infantry Regiment.

In 1863 he resigned his commission and organized a company of something like Partisan Rangers in West Virginia border counties along the Kentucky line. He became their captain. Some of the McCoy men were in Devil Anse's command. It was as a guerilla warrior that some alleged Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy, brother to Randolph McCoy, redoubtable ruler of the McCoy clansmen.

Now for a look at Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse. Ellison Hatfield was born in August, 1841. He was just the right age to be in military service in the Civil War. For four long years Ellison Hatfield served in the Confederate Army. He rose to rank of first lieutenant.

He was in the Battle of Gettysburg all the time of the struggle, July 1-4, 1863. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, one of the young officers who surrendered his command was First Lt. Ellison Hatfield.

Two years ago I visited Kirk Hatfield, son of Ellison Hatfield, and he showed me the Civil War picture of his father and gave me this information.

Ellison Hatfield was a large and very handsome man, as handsome an army officer as ever I saw.

AFTER HIS RETURN from Appomattox, Ellison Hatfield and Sarah Ann Staton, brother of Bill Staton, were married. Ellison did not reach home after the close of the war until July, 1865.

Children born to Ellison and Sarah Ann Staton Hatfield were Elliott (born in October, 1866); Valentine (born April 1868); Polly, Imogene; Floyd; Nancy; Lydia; Wetzel; Andrew Kirk) and Easter. When Kirk's father, Ellison Hatfield, died on Aug. 9, 1882, from the wounds inflicted by Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph McCoy Jr. his wife was but 38 years old. She was born in 1844.

Kirk Hatfield who gave me this information was only 4 months and 18 days old when his Confederate veteran father died of his McCoy-inflicted wounds.

Though Kirk Hatfield listed but ten children in his father's family he said his father was the father of eleven. That odd one was always thought to be Ellison ("Cotton Top") Mounts whom Kentucky hanged on Feb. 18, 1899, for killing Alifair McCoy, daughter of Randolph McCoy.

Chapter III: 'F-Day' For Hatfield-McCoy Feudists Was 'Black' Monday, Aug 7, 1882

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In pervious chapters the suggested causes of the Hatfield-McCoy have been mentioned, together with some of a family background of the two contestants. That the reader might be informed on the Randolph McCoy family a word at this point might be in order.

Randolph McCoy is sometimes called "Rand'l" McCoy, after the manner of mountaineers in abbreviating given names. He was 20 years older than Devil Anse Hatfield. During the Civil War he was on the Union side.

Never was there a more typical man of the mountains than Rand'l McCoy. He took every thing seriously and lacked the sense of humor, or devilment, to which Devil Anse Hatfield gave full occasion. He was the father of 13 children.

Little did Mrs. McCoy realize that when she went through the "valley of the shadow of death" to bring her dozen-and-one children into the world, that five of them would be shot to death by the Hatfield clan and their followers; and that her lovely, black-haired daughter, Rose Anna, would succumb to the wiles of Johnson "Johnse" Hatfield, the oldest of the 13 children of William Anderson (Devil Anse) and Levicy Chafin Hatfield, his wife. But such was the case because shortly after nightfall on Aug. 9, 1882, Tolbert McCoy, 21; Pharmer McCoy, 19; and Randolph McCoy Jr., 15, were slain in a paw paw thicket across the river from the mouth of Mate Creek on the Kentucky side of Tug River.

Then it was on the night of New Year's Day, 1888, about half-past ten that night, Calvin McCoy and his sister, Alifair McCoy, were murdered by the Hatfields and their confederates in the effort to wipe out state's evidence in the case of the indictments of the Hatfields for the killing of the three McCoy brothers on the night of Aug. 9, 1882.

That New Year's Night, 1888, the McCoy home was burned and Mrs. Randolph McCoy badly beaten. But that escapade is a story all by itself and will appear in a future installment of this series.

"F-DAY" in the Hatfield-McCoy feud was Monday, Aug. 7, 1882. That was an off-year election day in Kentucky. Those familiar with the history of Kentucky will tell you that on an election day in that state anything can happen, and usually does.

The particular precinct with which this story today deals was the one at the mouth of Hatfield Branch where it pours its flood into Blackberry Creek in Pike County, Ky. This is about four miles up the Tug River region from Matewan. The spot where the trouble broke out that August day is 100 feet or so on the right of Blackberry Creek as one heads upstream from Matewan.

It is directly across Hatfield Branch from the home of the Rev. Anderson C. "Preacher Anse" Hatfield, then a Primitive "Hard-shell" Baptist preacher. In that house now lives Ransom Hatfield, son of Preacher Anse Hatfield, who told me the story and took me to the identical spots mentioned.

We called on Jefferson Hatfield, brother of Ransom Hatfield, who lives with his daughter, Mrs. Kathleen Hatfield Scott, there at the site where the trouble started in reality.

At the 1882 election there showed up McCoy men and Hatfield men who had it in for each other. "Bad Elias" Hatfield, brother of Rev. Anse Hatfield was there. He owed Tolbert McCoy a small amount, less than two dollars, on a fiddle. Tolbert McCoy bounced "Bad Elias" Hatfield to pay him. This wound up in a quarrel.

There was considerable drinking going on and several were in a foul mood. Preacher Anse Hatfield tried to quiet the quarrel but his brother, "Bad Elias" Hatfield, would not pay him much mind. Tolbert McCoy's wife came to get him to leave the scene but he refused to go.

A BIT LATER IN THE DAY Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse, Confederate Veteran and hero of Gettysburg, put in his appearance. He was wearing a wide brimmed "sun down" hat — a straw affair — and the crowd ridded him about it.

Forty-one years old, father of 11 sons and daughters, big and strong, Ellison Hatfield was accosted by 31-year old Tolbert McCoy who was bent on trouble. This trouble-maker, Tolbert McCoy, defiantly announced to Ellison Hatfield that "I'm hell on earth!" This was a challenge to Ellison Hatfield who told Tolbert McCoy that he was "a d—n dirty-word hog!"

Immediately a fight ensued. Next thing the crowd knew Tolbert McCoy, 21; Pharmer McCoy, 19, and Randolph McCoy, 15 —, all three brothers — had cut and stabbed Ellison Hatfield some 28 times, and one of them Pharmer McCoy, shot him in the back.

From then on the fat was in the fire. Ellison Hatfield's brother, Elias Hatfield — not "Bad Elias" Hatfield — fired at the fleeing McCoys who saw at once what trouble they had caused and ran away. After being arrested by the authorities, the three McCoy brothers were taken from the law officers by Devil Anse and some of his men to hold them as hostages. If Ellison Hatfield got well, then the three McCoys would be turned over to the law. If he didn't get well, why, then, there'd be a different story to tell.

ELLISON HATFIELD was removed to the home of Anderson Ferrell who lived in Warm Hollow. This is immediately in front of the Norfolk and Western Railway depot in Matewan. Meanwhile the three McCoys were rushed up Mate Creek to a log school house where the Hatfields kept them tied and under guard.

In the afternoon on Aug. 9 — two days after his being wounded — Ellison Hatfield died.

That day, a little after nightfall the three McCoy brothers were moved across the Tug just below the mouth of Mate Creek at Matewan by their captors.

They were marched to a sort of sink hole on the Kentucky side of the river, tied to some paw paw bushes, and shot to death. Natives heard the shots, a regular fusillade of them, and knew what had happened.

From that moment in it was always open season for killing when a McCoy met a Hatfield. During the next 20 years, life was a rough matter along the Tug. More tomorrow.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1957

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IV: Wave Of Sadness, Madness Swept Tug River Border Aug. 10, 1882

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Talk about the morning after the night before, if you will, but there was a wave of sadness and madness on both sides of the Tug on Aug. 10, 1882, such as Logan (now Mingo) County, W. Va., and Pike County, Ky., had scarcely ever known.

On the Hatfield side of the Tug they were mourning for Ellison Hatfield, who had succumbed on Aug. 9 to wounds inflicted by Tolbert, Phamer, and Randolph McCoy Jr., on Aug. 7, 1882. On the McCoy side of the Tug in Pike County great was the grief in the home of Randolph McCoy Sr., then 61 years of age, and Sarah "Aunt Sally" McCoy, his wife. Three of their boys were dead, all at once!

I have stood there on the site of the two pens-and-a passage log house of the McCoys and tried to reconstruct that scene in my mind but never could. Site of the ill-fated home is beautiful for situation. It is located on a rise of ground that gives a commanding view of two bends in the road that runs by the place. To reach it, one goes up Hatfield Branch and crosses Turkey Foot Ridge, then turns down over Turkey Foot to Blackberry Fork of Pond Creek on the opposite side.

On the side of the hill in front of the McCoy home is a slight bench of land where a wide grave was dug to bury the three murdered brothers. On Feb. 14, 1955, Landon Lawson Hatfield, 79 on Nov. 18, 1954, pointed out to me the place the three had been shot. He saw the bloody scene when a boy of but seven years, he told me.

It took most of that day of Aug. 10, 1882, for an oxen-drawn sled to haul the bodies of the three brothers to the site of their burial land by their home, a distance of only six miles. It was a sad time in the McCoy home and it must be remembered that Ellison Hatfield's widow and his 11 sons and daughters were likewise stricken. The three McCoys were buried in one grave, and each body was [illegible] in its own home-made [illegible].

JUSTICE HAD BEEN SWIFT and summary for the three McCoy brothers there in that fierce region where the stern code of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth had long since been regarded as the law of the clans. Meanwhile, Randy McCoy moved to indict those regarded guilty of slaying his sons.

After a time a large number of men were indicted in Pike County for the tripple killing. Name of Devil Anse Hatfield headed the list. His sons Johnse Hatfield and William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield, as well as Elias Hatfield, were among those indicted. So was Elijah Mounts of the Beech Creek section. This was a descriptive address given by the grand jury so as to identify the men. Three brothers, Sam, Dock, and Pleyant Mahon; Wall Hatfield; John Whitt, Tom Chambers, Charley Carpenter, Lark Varney, Andy Varney, Alex Messer, Selkirk McCoy, and L. D. McCoy, were included. Dan Whitt, too, was among them.

It followed that those who were reported to have some knowledge of the crime had bench warrants issued for them by the State of Kentucky. But arresting the men indicted was still another problem.

SEVERAL YEARS went by after the Hatfields and their clansmen were indicted for the triple slaying of the sons of Rand'l McCoy. All the time the defendants knew they were wanted men. Since Randolph McCoy was the moving force behind those indictments it was reasoned by the Hatfields and the rest that if they could "rub out" the old man they would be that much closer to being let alone.

In June, 1884, Randolph McCoy and his son Calvin McCoy planned a trip to Pikeville, Ky., where they were going to see a lawyer by the name of Perry A. Cline, a man who was in some way related to the McCoy family by marriage. The story has it that Cline carried weight with Pike County authorities and was in league with Randolph McCoy to bring the Hatfields and their friends to justice for the night murders in the pawpaw thicket across from the present-day Matewan.

Some how the Hatfields got wind of the trip of McCoy and son, Calvin, and planned to waylay them and kill them both. However, the McCoys were pokey that day and were late getting away on the journey. Two mountaineer neighbors by the name of Henderson Scott and John Scott were riding horseback a distance along ahead of McCoy and his son when they were fired upon by the lurking Hatfields.

As I recall the story, both horses of the Scotts were killed and one of the riders badly wounded by the ambushers. Who fired the shots was never known for sure but they were intended for the two McCoys and it turned out that the plans of the Hatfields foulded up.

Those shots fired in anger caused Randolph McCoy and his son to know they were marked men.

ALONG TOWARD THE ERB of the year 1887, some three years after escaping the trap laid for him and his son by the Hatfields, another attempt was made on the life of Randolph McCoy. As stated previously, he lived on a rise of ground to the left of the road that runs over Turkey Foot Ridge and down on the Blackberry Fork of Pond Creek.

One day in the latter part of the summer five years after the Hatfield clan had been indicted for murdering his three boys, Rand'l McCoy was leaning against the side of the door that faced over against the opposite hillside where his three sons were buried. While the old father leaned there against his door, a hidden rifleman across the way showered down upon him.

Who fired the shot was never known but Randolph McCoy instinctively felt it was one of the Hatfields who wanted him out of the way to keep him from pressing the murder charges against them. Too close for comfort, although wide of its target, that bullet struck the door facing and there remained a forceful reminder to 80-year-old Randolph McCoy to never for one moment to be caught off his guard.

That commonly effort at assassination of Rand'l McCoy served to step up the efforts of the constituted law authorities in Kentucky to bring the Hatfields to justice. — More tomorrow!

SEPTEMBER 19, 1957

The Hatfield Clan--With Shootin' 'Arns'

This is an historic photograph of the 'Devil Anse' Hatfield family and some assorted friends. In the front row, at left, sits Devil Anse with his Winchester. On his left is his wife, Mrs. Levicy Chafin Hatfield. Seated at far right, with another Winchester in his hands, is either Tom Chafin or Cap Hatfield. Standing at extreme right, by the chimney, is W. E. Borden. Standing in rear, left to right, are Troy (Detroit) Hatfield; young man with single-action Colt revolver across his chest, Elias Hatfield; youth with slouch cap by door facing, Joe Hatfield, seventh child of Devil Anse; man with revolver across his stomach, O. C. Damron, a confederate of the Hatfields. Of three children seated in foreground, Tennis Hatfield is on the left and Willis Hatfield on the right. Others are unidentified. Original photo, made about 1898, is in Shirley Donnelly's library.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter V: Large Hatfield Raiding Party Sets 'High Water Mark' In Famous Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

As shown in the previous column of yesterday it was the objective of the Hatfield clansmen to get Randolph McCoy out of the way. If they could kill him, then the driving force in the effort to bring them to trial for the slaughter of his three sons on Aug. 9, 1882, would be spent.

There were miscellaneous killings of individual clansmen in lane encounters during the 1880-90 decade when the Hatfield-McCoy feud was raging. However, the high-water mark was reached on the evening of New Year's Day 1890.

Prior to that time West Virginia and Kentucky, through their governors, had been spatting back and forth on the subject of each ignoring the other's requisition for the men wanted for murders in the feud. Politics entered into these matters and feeling became bitter between the two states.

In the long run, after an appeal to the Supreme Court, Kentucky won out and thus got her hands on some of the Hatfields and their friends. Still the Hatfields were interested in wiping out the prosecuting witnesses, chiefly Randolph McCoy and his family.

Accordingly a band of the Hatfields and their friends planned to attack the McCoy home, burn it, and [illegible]

Led by embittered Jim Vance, were Tom Chambers, Johnse Hatfield, Cap Hatfield, Robert E. Lee "Bob" Hatfield, Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, French Ellis, Charley Gillespie, and Elliott Hatfield, son of the late Ellison Hatfield to make up the raiding party. These men were sworn to not show mercy on their mission.

It is legendary over all the earth how that Jim Vance swore hell would be his heaven if he did not kill the one who let him down in the effort. Vance swore he would kill the one who weakened — kill him as sure as powder would burn. All knew the evil old wretch meant it, too.

TO GET THE ON-THE-SPOT TOUCH TO THIS STORY, I journeyed one day to the very place the highhanded crime was committed. Though the site where the McCoy cabin stood is now occupied, there stands hard by the lot the rather modern home of hospitable Mrs. Critt Scott and her maiden daughter, Miss Percy Scott. Several hours I visited these nice people and heard from their lips the story of burning of the McCoy house and the murder scrape in connection with it.

Mrs. Critt Scott was born July 30, 1898, and was thus almost 10 when the crimes were carried out. Mrs. Scott is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aly Farley. Mrs. Farley watched the returning raiders in the lonely night under a full moon. She wondered what the Hatfields had [illegible]

There had been "singing" at the Blackberry Fork School House that New Year's Night. After one of the Hatfield clan raiders was captured and sentenced to hang—"Cotton Top" Mounts he was — Mrs. Scott told me that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aly Farley went to Pikeville to see him hung. Since April, 1902, Mrs. Critt Scott has lived on the Randolph McCoy place. But, to the house burning.

SOME TIME between 10 and 11 o'clock the night of Jan. 1, 1890, the determined destroyers led by Jim Vance surrounded the Randolph McCoy house. Vance called to the McCoys to give themselves up but his demand was refused. Firing began.

Because Johnse Hatfield failed to carry out Vance's instructions he was always blamed for the failure of the attack. He shot ahead of time. Fire was answered with fire and Johnse Hatfield was the first casualty. He was hit by a shot gun and was painfully injured in his right shoulder. Rand'l McCoy and son, Calvin, were making their shots count.

Soon the building was set on fire. When Tom Chambers was up on the roof setting fire to the clapboards, one of the McCoys let go at him and shot off three fingers of his hand.

One day in Midtown I was talking to Tom Chafin, justice of the peace there now. Tom is the son of Mrs. Lydia Hatfield Chafin, the last girl in Ellison Hatfield's family. He told me he used to see [illegible]

The Hatfield Clan--With Shootin' 'Arms

This is an historic photograph of the 'Devil Anse' Hatfield family ... is either Tom Chafin or Cap Hatfield. Standing at extreme right, by the chimney, is W. E. ... Anse; man with re... his stomach, O. C. ... confederate of the ...

Squire Chafin, was a boy around Matewan.

IN THE COURSE of trying to put out the fire that was burning on the house, one of the McCoy girls, Allifair McCoy, rushed outside and was shot to death by Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts. She had just screamed at Cap Hatfield that she heard his voice and knew it.

Mrs. Randolph McCoy was battered by Johnse Hatfield and thought to have been killed. However, she recovered after the harrowing experience, and related it to the authorities. Calvin McCoy raced out of the house but was overtaken and slain.

While all this was going on old Randolph McCoy eluded his attackers by escaping in the friendly forest at hand. Two McCoy sisters escaped unhurt as did Cora daughter of Tolbert McCoy, whom the Hatfields killed Aug. 9, 1882.

Dead, though, were Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair McCoy. These were buried in the hillside plot where their three brothers were buried Aug. 10, over five years before. This made five of the children of Randolph and Sarah McCoy to die at the hands of opposing feudists, a ghastly, heavy toll indeed.

ON THE EVENING of Feb. 6, 1955, I ate supper with Mr. and Mrs. Paul McCoy at Matewan. Paul McCoy, deacon in Matewan Baptist Church, is the grandson of Calvin McCoy.

I showed him a picture of the dornick gravestone at the head of his ill-fated grandfather's grave. He did not know where his kinsman was buried until I showed him the picture of the grave marker which I got at Heidelberg, Germany, late in 1945 while there on duty at Seventh Army Headquarters in World War II.

Calvin McCoy's grave is the only marked grave of a McCoy victim in the bitter feud. I traced the crude lettering on that natural slab of stone with chalk. Across the face in the top line it runs, **C A L Mc**, while on the line below it one plaintively reads **C O Y**. God himself only knows the grief that was in the heart of the one who caused that crude tombstone to be thus marked and erected there in that isolated cemetery of ill-fated victims! More tomorrow.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter VI: The Old Law Of Averages Catches Up With The Feuding Hatfields

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In the rampaging years of the Hatfield-McCoy feud—the 1882-1890 period—the immediate family of Randolph and Sarah McCoy suffered five deaths from gunshot wounds at the hands of the Hatfields and their henchmen. Though Randolph McCoy was shot at time and again he attained the great age of 93 years before giving up the fight of life.

Five of his 13 children were shot and killed, though.

On the Devil Anse Hatfield side of the feud, his immediate family never suffered a single casualty during the feud and the old clansman died a natural death when he was well into his 80th year. However the old truth that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword" has a corollary in the old proverb that "the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine."

In spite of the fact that 19 or 20 Hatfields and their friends were indicted for the paw paw thicket killing of the three McCoy brothers shortly after nightfall on Aug. 9, 1882, the long arm of the law was constantly reaching out for the guilty culprits but was slow in rounding them up for trial.

Aroused by the burning of the Randolph McCoy house and the slaying of his son, Calvin, and daughter, Alifair, on New Year's Night, 1888, by Hatfield men and sloughs, law authorities went after the evil-doers with a vengeance.

The way the defendants were rounded up caused a lot of legal commotion between West Virginia and Kentucky but at last Kentucky got some of its men. Trial of each man will not be detailed but justice of severe nature was meted out to several Hatfields and their camp followers.

Ellison "Cotton Top" Mounts, alleged to be the "woods-colt" son of the ill-fated Ellison Hatfield who was fatally wounded by the three McCoy brothers on Aug. 7, 1882, was tried at Pikeville, Ky., and given the rope. He was in on the killing of the three McCoy brothers and himself killed Alifair McCoy, their sister, on the night of Jan. 1, 1888.

On Tuesday, Feb., 12, 1889, the doomed dullard who always did the bidding of the Hatfields was hung in the presence of thousands of morbidly curious spectators. He was the only fatalist who was legally put to death.

WALL HATFIELD was sent to prison at Frankfort, Ky., for life, in the case of Alex Messer, Dock Mahon, and his brother, Pryant Mahon. They were tried together and sentenced to life in the penitentiary.

Johnse Hatfield was hailed before the criminal bar of Kentucky in 1890. He was tried at Prestonsburg, Ky., where they threw the book at him for all his past sins. Life imprisonment was the jury's decree.

The one man who was the nemesis of Johnse Hatfield was H. E. "Doc" Ellis. He pressed the charges against Johnse Hatfield and accused the rest of all the Hatfield family. Elias Hatfield, 18, brother of Johnse, took the law in his own hands and shot Doc Ellis and killed him dead as a door nail. Trial was in July, 1890, in Wayne Co., W. Va.

In the case of Elias Hatfield, the guilt of an agreed law was to be proven again, namely, "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. (Matthew 7:2) On Oct., 17, 1911, 23 Italian named Octavia Gerone killed both Elias and Detroit "Trep" Hatfield, brothers, at Boomer, W. Va., in a fight over liquor interests.

However, they killed the Italian, too. They were the first of Devil Anse Hatfield's children to die.

After serving a few years in Kentucky state prison at Frankfort, Johnse Hatfield was pardoned. A colored prisoner attacked the warden of the prison one day and would have killed him had it not been for the fearless intervention of Johnse Hatfield. In coming to the warden's assistance Johnse Hatfield cut the Negro's throat and saved the warden's life. As a reward for his heroism, Johnse Hatfield was made a free man again.

Wall Hatfield died in prison. Montaville Hatfield, cousin of Devil Anse, drew a life sentence, but served only several years. Upon his release he went in for farming. My information is he was killed by a man in a quarrel over a line fence between their places.

Cap Hatfield, son of Devil Anse, served a jail sentence once for some infraction of the law but escaped the penalty for his major offenses. The "Wall" Hatfield who died in prison was Devil Anse's eldest brother.

There were other Hatfields who went to prison besides the ones mentioned but as much of this is being written from memory I can not think of them at the moment.

Willis W. Hatfield, eighth child of Devil Anse Hatfield, was named for Gov. E. Willis Wilson of West Virginia. He shot and killed a Dr. Thornhill in Wyoming County in a quarrel over a whiskey prescription. As I call it up in memory, and drew a term at Moundsville for the murder.

Jim Vance who led the Hatfields in the McCoy house burning-murder scrape was killed by a posse in a running fight.

TURNING TO THE MCCOY side of the lethal ledger for a quick-look see at the cost of crime one learns anew that the way of the transgressor is hard. Some thought Devil Anse Hatfield killed Harmon McCoy in border strife during the Civil War.

Bud McCoy, ex plaster paris sachet was shot 18 times by Pleasant "Plez" McCoy, a relative. Jeff McCoy was killed by Cap Hatfield shortly after Jeff McCoy had slain a Pike County mail man by the name of Fred Wolford. Sam McCoy killed Bill Staton, brother-in-law of Ellison Hatfield. Cap Hatfield killed John Hatherford at Matewan in Nov. 1898.

Many others of the two clans were killed but this is enough. All told, as I figure it, the famous feud took something like three dozen lives. For years I had one of Elias Hatfield's .38 Smith & Wesson revolvers, a gift to me

Five Sons Of Devil Anse

Three are five of the nine sons of Devil Anse Hatfield. Shown in green is Elbert, who became a doctor and died on April 26, 1952. In the picture together on top are Thomas, left, and Willis. In the lower picture are Joe, to the sheriff's uniform, and Cap, who became a lawyer. Thomas died in August, 1941, in Huntington and Cap succumbed to a brain tumor in 1946.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter VIII: 'Tubs Of Tears' Said Main Part Of Hatfield, McCoy Women In Feud

Much more has been written of the parts played by the men in the Hatfield-McCoy feud than has been said of the female of the species. What all is said and done is was not theirs to reason why, theirs but to do as their men folk decided.

One can but read the story of that bloody private war and feel that he can look between the lines and see the tub of tears that was shed by the women in the two score and more related families.

There is no doubt in my mind but that Sarah McCoy, wife of old Randolph McCoy was the greatest sufferer. Her brown, black-haired daughter Nora Anna McCoy was greatly mistreated by Johnson Hatfield. That was a blow to the mountain matron. On top of this she watched the burial of her four boys—Tolbert, Pharmer, Randolph Jr., and Calvin McCoy — buried right where she watched the remains of her murdered daughter, Alifair McCoy, lowered in the grave across the creek from her log cabin on the hillside.

All that would not cause tears of grief to flow, who, then, one would be shut up to the conclusion that the fountain of her tears had dried up.

Mrs. Sarah McCoy — intimates called her "Aunt Sally" — long feared for Cora McCoy, the daughter of 30-year-old Tolbert McCoy whom the Hatfields killed. One can fancy how the grandmother would choke with grief as she re-named to little Cora the tragic end of her ill-fated father. All that is trouble, living trouble, a trouble that is far worse than dead trouble you know.

ON THE HATFIELD side of the story, journalists are not required to imagine how poor Mrs. Elliott Hatfield, nee Miss Sarah Staton, (1844-1931), suffered when she lost her Kentucky Tolbert, Pharmer, and Randolph McCoy Jr., mortally wounded him Aug. 7, 1882, and he died two days later, leaving his 38-year-old wife with 10 children, the oldest being only 18 years old.

There was sorrow and a lot of it. Women folks on both sides had great grief to contend with. Take the Hatfields, for instance. Mother was — three times. They figured on a big and prosperous social career for the daughters of the Mrs. Randolph McCoy was because the right boy might be attached and married on Jan. 1, 1883 that found her on the ground and there her hair in the yard until finally New Year's Day night almost 10 years ago.

It was not unusual in the service to know that Elbert ("Cotton Top"), Minnie was married on Feb. 16, 1886, for the support of her daughter, Alifair McCoy, the same New Year night.

Women in the early days of the mountain settlements for man's wife was his "woman" and was usually so considered as referred to. Mind, though, she made the home and reared the children, and put up with whatever hardships came her way. In the hunted and there were many hardships the women had to put up with, but did so without grumbling or repining.

IN THE HATFIELD-McCOY trouble it seems the in-laws frequently kept the pot boiling in the matter of trouble making. It was rumored that many married angle from one clan to another, thus stirring of when one side planted against "other. In the experience illustrated the old saying about the best ways to spread news was to "telegraph, telephone, or tell-a-woman."

A case in the lead history will illustrate this.

Johnson Hatfield married Nancy McCoy. This was a thorn in the flesh to each side of the feud. Hatfields reasoned that "blood is thicker than water," and had the notion that Johnse's wife was trifling to her people about the Hatfields. Nancy was old Harmon McCoy's girl and Harmon and Randolph McCoy were brothers. Randolph McCoy heading up the McCoys the same as Devil Anse was the head of the Hatfield clan.

Nancy McCoy had a sister who married in and married Bill Daniels. Nancy's sister was rated as one of the nosyiest women along the Tug. She and Bill Daniels had a daughter who wasn't very far behind her mother in the re-

spect. They indulged all over the area gathering that mostly good, occasionally but usually bad, in connection.

The history recorded that a dispute arose Tom Wallace had said to be gossiping on the wife and did not pay any heed to it. Developed that Tom Wallace had designs on the girl a courtship ensuing course and they had been married by someone who talked the proper words. When he knew the girl discovered she had been all victim of a preposterous deception she left Tom Wallace and went home to her parents. Here is where was a joint council of gossip in Pike County and Logan County as well.

AFTER CAP HATFIELD and his friend, Tom Wallace, got an opportunity they decided to attend conference on the two Pigeon women, planning on how that enough of anything is enough and too much is nasty.

One day Ike Hatfield killed a cow and the owners of the cow, Bill Daniels' son and girl were planning what have come up for an affair at the following. With a stroke of imagination that bordered on satanic genius, Cap Hatfield thought of a cruel persona by which he might get that cow's hide. Accordingly the cow was not all there as the new and carefully put to use.

That night Cap Hatfield and Tom Wallace appeared at the Bill Daniels' home, both armed. They carried the cow's tail with them. Daniels was forced to the wall of gorgeous while Cap Hatfield mortally beat Mrs. Bill Daniels with the cow's tail. Then when this mortal beating had been finished. Tom Wallace took over with what was left of the cow's tail to severely beat the Daniels girl with whom he had lived illicitly a time.

This is the outstanding case of corporal punishment suffered by any woman whose people figured in the feud. Later on Cap Hatfield killed Jeff McCoy, brother of Mrs. Bill Daniels. But just before Hatfield killed Jeff McCoy, that same Jeff McCoy had brutally slain Fred Wellman a Pike County, Ky., man whose job was that of mail carrier.

More bad luck, more sorrow.

POST-HERALD, BECKLEY, W. VA., MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1957

Troy And Elias Hatfield

These two sons of Capt. William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield were the first in his immediate family to die. Though all the family survived the days of the feud, Troy and Elias died in a gun battle at Boomer on Oct. 17, 1911, the result of a saloon keeper's war.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter IX: 'Devil Anse' Hatfield's Family Circle Broken As Troy, Elias Die In Fight

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

William Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield and Miss Levicy Chafin were married Thursday, April 18, 1861. By the close of the year 1890 they had 13 children, the youngest of which was Tennyson "Tennis" Hatfield (1890-August 12, 1893).

That family of 15, including the parents, seemed to live charmed lives. Soon, though, all good things come to an end because all that are mortal will and must die. However, for well over a half century there was not a death in the large family of Devil Anse and Levicy Hatfield.

Fifty and a half years after the marriage of those two mountain people there was great mourning in their big two-story house on Island Creek in Logan County, W. Va. Reason for this sorrow was the untimely death of two sons of Devil Anse — Elias and Detroit "Troy" Hatfield. Here is the story of how the two brothers met their death.

There was a war for the supremacy of the saloon business in Falls District of Fayette County, W. Va. — a feud along the Great Kanawha River instead of along the Tug this time. This was a bitter country.

Elias Hatfield, fifth child of Devil Anse, had the only saloon between Cannelton and Gauley Bridge. This saloon was owned jointly by Elias Hatfield and M.J. Simms. They enjoyed a tremendous business and it was reported that this saloon netted the two partners a monthly profit of a thousand dollars each. It was said to be the best paying saloon in Fayette County.

DESIRING TO CUT in on the profits of Elias Hatfield and M.J. Simms, there were others who ran saloons. One operator opened a saloon across Kanawha River at Eagle, on the south side of the stream. There was another oasis in operation across the Kanawha County line near Cannelton. Both saloons were bidding for the Hatfield-Simms trade.

To stimulate trade, the Eagle saloon keeper ran a free ferry across the Kanawha between Boomer and Black Diamond on the south side. That took some of Hatfield's patronage but the completion that worried Hatfield the most was that Carl Hanson saloon across the Kanawha County line from Fayette County. In Hatfield's thinking, Carl Hanson was an unethical competitor because Hanson cut the price on beer from $3 per case of three dozen bottles, to $2.25.

Then, to add insult to injury, Hanson hired a popular Italian by the name of Ottavio Vagliozzo, to solicit beer orders and deliver them to thirsty customers. There was a large Italian population in and around Boomer which had grown up there as a result of the coal company at that place importing a horde of Italian strikebreakers there some nine or ten years before. Vagliozzo could speak the language of the Italians and was popular with them at Harewood, Smithers, Boomer and other places along the Kanawha. This gave him a great advantage over the Hatfield-Simms saloon set-up.

VAGLIOZZO HAD THE NERVE to invade the Hatfield-Simms saloon territory in Fayette County. Several times the Italian was routed by Hatfield and threatened if he did not desist from coming over in the territory where Hatfield and Simms had enjoyed a monopoly in the liquor business. On Tuesday, October 17, 1911, the push came to a shove. That morning the Italian poacher was found encroaching on Hatfield territory again.

Hatfield had attacked Hanson's driver, Vagliozzo, early in the day and gave him a whipping, then sent him on down the road. Word reached Elias Hatfield that Vagliozzo was at the cabin of Angelo Valenzalo at Harewood. Elias Hatfield took his brother, Troy, and went to Harewood in search of Vagliozzo. They found him in the kitchen of miner Angelo Valenzalo.

This was about noon, according to Valenzalo, who was eye witness to the triple slaying. Vagliozzo, armed with a .32 calibre Colts pistol opened fire on Elias Hatfield and put three bullets in him. Elias then retreated out of the front door and went around the house by the back door, leaving Troy Hatfield inside. In the meantime, Vagliozzo emptied his revolver into the body of Troy. Troy returned the fire, sending three bullets into the Italian's body, any one of which would have proved fatal.

After being shot, Vagliozzo left the house through the kitchen door and fell on his face in the back yard. After he fell, Elias Hatfield came on the scene and placing his gun against the back of the man's head, sent a bullet through his brain.

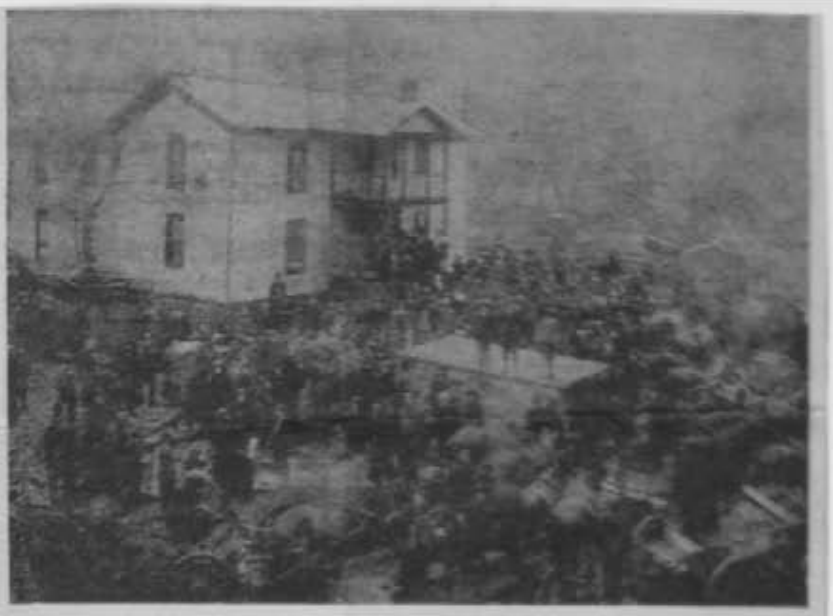
After the shooting, Elias and Troy sat down on the back porch and discussed their wounds. Both realized they were mortally wounded and that death was near. In less than ten minutes Elias was gone but Troy lived for half-an-hour. Just before Troy died he told a by-stander that "There's no use looking for anybody. The man who killed us is dead."

THUS IT WAS the family circle was broken in the Devil Anse Hatfield family. This made heavy impact on the famous feuding family. Word came in from Logan County that Devil Anse, the feuding chief, had embraced religion. "Uncle Dyke" Garrett, the veteran "Hardshell" Baptist preacher of the mountains who had soldiered with Devil Anse in the Civil War, with his "son in the Gospel" J. G. McNeely, had the double funeral, that of Elias and Troy, there in Logan County.

That day the sons of Devil Anse made a public confession of faith in the God of their father. Their mother had long since been a member of the church. Cap, Bob, Elliott, Johnson, Tennis, Joe, and Willis Hatfield — remaining sons of Devil Anse — promised "Uncle Dyke" that he could baptize them. In the main they held out faithful but in an instance or so there was some backsliding.

Breaking the family circle in the case of the murders of Elias and Troy led the others to opine that keeping the family circle intact in this life is not so important as keeping it unbroken in the sky! They got religion!

POST-HERALD, BECKLEY, W. VA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 25, 1957



Feud Leader's 1921 Funeral At Island Creek Home

This historic picture, now nearly 37 years old, is a general view of the farm home of Devil Anse Hatfield on Island Creek in Logan County at the time of the old mountain feudist's funeral. A tremendous crowd attended in January, 1921, including 11 of his children — those surviving — and 40 grandchildren.

Yesterday And Today—

Chapter X: 'Sons Of Devil Anse Hatfield Reconciled Over Grave Of Dead Father'

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Statements made in the current series of stories on the Hatfield-McCoy feud by this circuit writer are the results of close to 40 years of carcial study of the notorious subject. Much of the material presented has resulted from far-flung field trips and copious conversations with many of those who saw the history made.

Much has been written in books and magazines and papers and a lot of this I've read. Much that has been written is garbled beyond belief.

Some of the best people on earth are descendants of the Hatfields and McCoys and many of these I have as my most cherished friends. For their benefit I am today presenting the salient facts in the lives of their feuding ancestors that they who run might read.

IN THE DEVIL ANSE Hatfield Cemetery on Island Creek in Logan County I copied the following in my ever-present field notebook: On the expensive marble monument there one reads:

"Capt. Anderson Hatfield.
1839-1921
Levicy Chafin - Hatfield.
1842-1929"

Beneath the feet of the statue atop the monument appears these names: Johnson; William A.; Robert L.; Nancy; Elliott R.; Mary; Elizabeth; Elias; Troy; Joseph O; Rose; Willis E.; Tennie; Their children.

Thus one sees at a glance the children of Capt. Anderson ("Devil Anse") Hatfield and Mrs. Levicy Chafin-Hatfield. The real name of Troy Hatfield was Detroit but they called him "Troy" for short. Tennie Hatfield's name was "Tennyson" but the name was paraphrased for convenience in speaking it.

OTHER INSCRIPTIONS there:

"Troy W. Hatfield.
January 20, 1881-Oct. 17, 1911.
Eliza M. Hatfield.
November 2, 1879-Oct. 17, 1911."

These were the first to break the family circle of Devil Anse's home by death, described yesterday.

Here is the inscription on the marker of the oldest one of Devil Anse's children: "Johnson Hatfield Jan. 6, 1863 - April 19, 1882." Johnse Hatfield died of a heart attack as he rode along Twisted Gum Creek, a stream between Gilbert Creek and Ben Creek in Logan County. He was the Cadenova of the Hatfield Clan, not as large as most of his brothers but far more handsome than all the rest.

ANOTHER STONE in the hillside burial ground on Island Creek recites this legend: "Elliott R. Hatfield, M. D.; Nov. 12, 1872-April 20, 1932. At Rest." This is Devil Anse's doctor son and a good one he was.

Long were he and his brother William A. "Cap" Hatfield estranged. They were bitter toward each other for years and this estrangement was a grief of soul to their father, Devil Anse. It was the death-bed request of the patriarchal father of the two sons that they forgive each other and be friends—that life is too short to forever hate each other and carry grudges.

On the funeral day the touching reconciliation was effected when Cap Hatfield and Dr. E. R. Hatfield, of Charleston, W. Va., shook hands. Cap Hatfield led in the reconciliation and tears flowed down the cheeks of the two brothers like bubbles on the clear mountain streams of Logan County. At the grave of his father, the long-fierce feud lieutenant who had killed perhaps more men than he could recall, told old "Uncle Dike" Garrett, Hardshell Baptist preacher, that he had made his peace with God and was ready to be baptized and time the venerable old minister said:

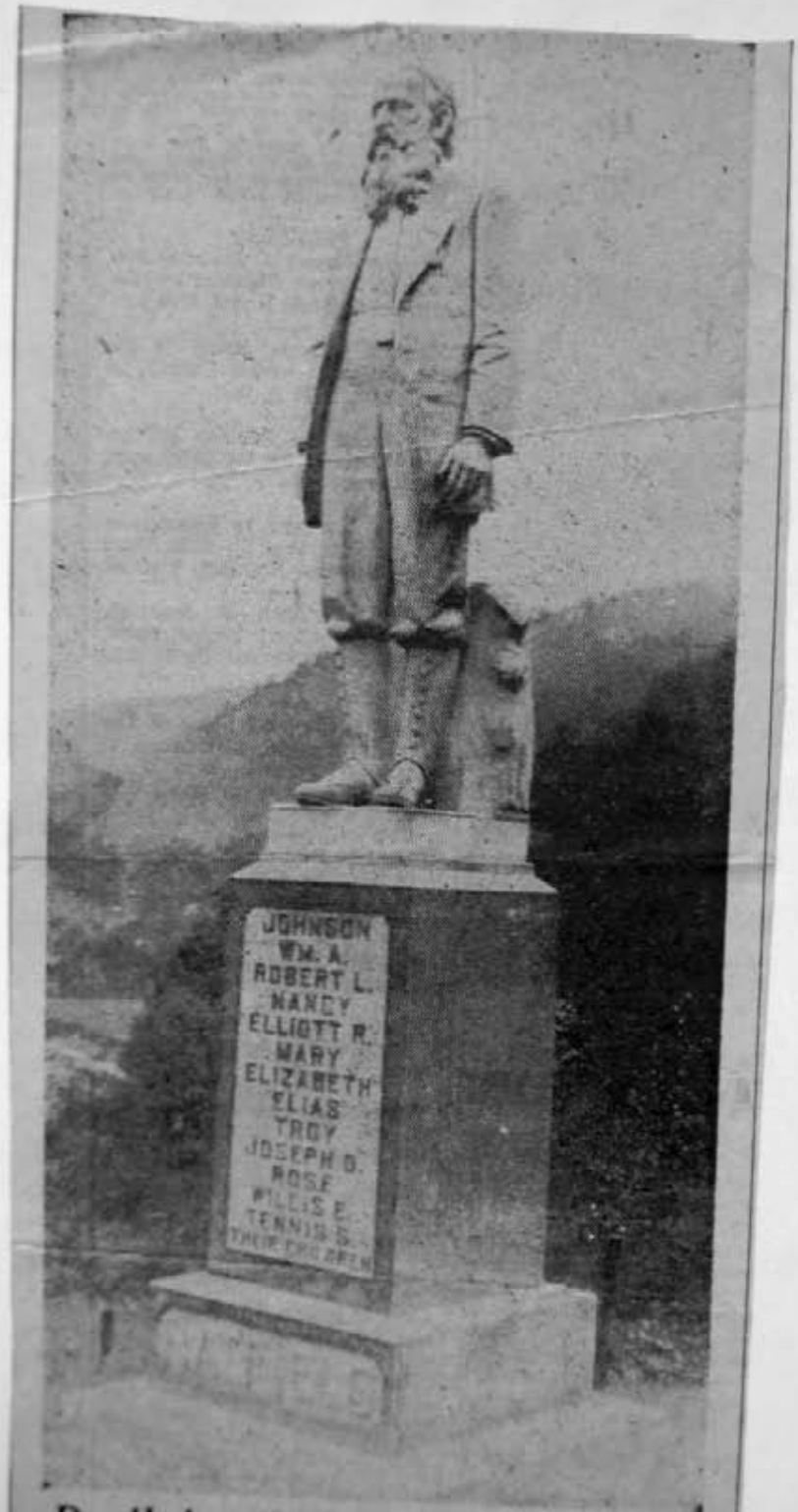
"I will baptize you, boy, in the very hole what I baptized your papers." Then it was that Cap Hatfield raised his hand above his head and declared that he was done with malice and fighting and if any man wanted his life or his blood he would not resist.

It was a dramatic moment at the funeral and made a profound impression on the minds of the great crowd present.

I recall chiming this story from The Charleston Gazette in its issue of Monday morning, Jan. 10, 1921, as its front headline story. Here is the streamer: "Sons of 'Devil Anse' Hatfield Reconciled Over Grave of Dead Father." It reposes today amide the mountain of feud material I've assembled in the past 40 years. In less than 11 years after his father died, Cap Hatfield died in August, 1930, in a Baltimore, Md., Hospital—Johns Hopkins Hospital, I think it was.

BOTH DEVIL ANSE, 82, and his wife, 87, died of pneumonia. Randolph McCoy lived to be 92 and died from infirmities of age and from effects of falling into an open fire place. I was told. One other stone in the Hatfield cemetery on Island Creek says: "Nancy A. Vance-Mullens. August 15, 1869—May 1, 1909. Loved by all." One more runs: "Lilly Curry, Wife of Moss F. Hatfield. 1895-1921." And this one of a little boy: "Capt. S. Hatfield. Born April 2, 1891; died June 5, 1896. God's Finger touched him and he slept."

DEVIL ANSE HATFIELD, was born on Sept. 9, 1830, and died on Jan. 6, 1921. He married Miss Levicy Chafin on April 13, 1861. Both lived many years on borrowed time. Long before death they embraced religion and departed this life in the hope of a joyful resurrection. More on the morrow.



Devil Anse's Last Resting Place

This life-sized statue of Devil Anse Hatfield, leader in the famous West Virginia-Kentucky border feud, marks his grave on Island Creek near Omar in Logan County. The monument was sculptured in Italy. The names listed on the face of the pedestal are those of the 13 children of Hatfield and his wife.

(Photo by Homer L. Wells)

Yesterday And Today—

Odds, Ends On Greatest Of Family Feuds

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

For the past ten days much has been written in this department about the Hatfield-McCoy feud — enough, in fact, to make a small book. Today's stint will bring these studies to a close for the time being. Some general observations will do.

On Island Creek in Logan County, up from the settlement of Stirrat, is where Devil Anse used to live. One day I sat in the Pioneer Drive Inn there by the highway and looked across 25-foot-wide Island Creek at the site of the Hatfield home. Long ago it was gone but spirits of the Hatfields seem to linger over it.

When I built my library building almost 20 years ago I used a stone from each West Virginia county. The late C. A. Kincaid of Oak Hill, W. Va., brought me the stone frm Logan County which I had built into the outer walls. It is a jamb rock from the chimney in the old two-story house where Devil Anse spent his last years. On that stone I had sand-blasted that salient fact for visitors to see and read. They like to touch it.

If that stone had a tongue, it could — if it would — narrate many interesting stories.

THE OLD RANDOLPH McCOY home place was bought by her father, so Mrs. Critt Scott told me as I visited her on Valentine Day, 1963. It had less than 100 acres in it. Mrs. Scott's father was Granville Farley. Each of Granville Farley's four children were given plots of about 21 acres of the Rand'l McCoy land.

One of the children, John B. Farley, was well-read, Mrs. Scott said. It was on his parcel of land the graveyard where the five murdered children of Rand'l and Sarah McCoy are buried.

In 1902, Mr. and Mrs. Critt Scott moved to the site of the Randolph McCoy house which the Hatfields burned on Jan. 7, 1888, when they killed Calvin and Alifair McCoy. The aforesaid John B. Farley and Lucinda Mullens were united in marriage by "Uncle Dyke" Garrett, Hardshell Baptist preacher, who later baptized Devil Anse Hatfield, Cap Hatfield, and others.

HANAEL BLACKBURN lives now on the spot where the three McCoy boys fatally knifed Ellison Hatfield and shot him on Aug. 7, 1882. This is on Kentucky State Route 1056, and is exactly four miles from the Kentucky end of the bridge over Tug River at Matewan, W. Va. On the election day on Aug. 7, 1882, Talbert McCoy had incensed Ellison Hatfield to pay the balance he owed McCoy on a fiddle.

While a visitor in the home of Hanael Hatfield on Feb. 17, 1963, the kind old gentleman told me about his father, the Rev. Anderson ("Preacher Anse") Hatfield, who was an election official the day the fight occurred. Ransom Hatfield, 72 at that time, said his father and Tolbert McCoy

event was the kick-off in the long drawn out and bloody feud.

ON FEB. 16, 1955, I went to Newtown in Mingo County in research on the Hatfield subject. There I was guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Hatfield. Mrs. Kirk Hatfield and I were born only two or three miles apart at Rock Castle in Jackson County, W. Va. She was Miss Agatha Brotherton, daughter of our neighbor, Jimmy Brotherton.

She went to Mingo County in 1908 to teach school. You see, Jackson County, used to supply West Virginia with school teachers. There Agatha Brotherton married Kirk Hatfield, son of the ill-fated Ellison Hatfield. Mrs. Kirk Hatfield taught school for 30 years and retired from her profession in 1953 with a pension. She is a first-cousin of the late Fred Wolfe, former editor of the Ripley, W. Va., Mountaineer, who died Feb. 7, 1957.

Mrs. Kirk Hatfield knows the Hatfield history from beginning to end and is a learned woman with a most remarkable memory, a thing I envy her. She told me that Sarah Ann Staton, who married Ellison Hatfield, was the granddaughter of a woman who was a Jackson from Tennessee, and that she was related to the Andrew Jackson family.

Mrs. Kirk Hatfield went on to tell me that she was 13 years old when John F. Morgan was hanged near Ripley, W. Va., on Dec. 16, 1887, the last legal public execution in West Virginia. She remembers Morgan was buried on the Ulysses ("Lis") Shinn farm beneath three pine trees which stood in a triangle. Some one burned sulphur on the grave the night of the day he was buried to make a curious lurid green fire, in order to create community excitement.

ACROSS FROM NEWTOWN on Mate Creek is a high knoll where many Hatfields are buried in long rows. There on concrete slabs, all alike, I read these names: "Eph. Hatfield. Born 1812. Died 1881;" Nancy Hatfield; Elias Hatfield, (father of ex-Sen. Henry D. Hatfield, I think); Smith Hatfield; Joe Glenn; A. A. Chafin; Joe Mounts; M. Browning; Tom Chafin; Turner Chafin; Allen Chafin, Oct. 29, 1869-Feb. 28, 1945; Henry Hatfield; Eph. E. Hatfield; Leland Hatfield; B. Hatfield; Rev. Joe Hatfield, April 6, 1891-Jan. 2, 1952. (Note: Joe was a Missionary Baptist preacher and he and I were friends for years.) Pal Hatfield, Born 1855; died July 4, 1902; Joe Hatfield, Born 1861; died Feb. 23, 1929.

Then, too, I spotted these: "Ellison Hatfield, 1841-1882." — the one whose killing started the feud in earnest. By him reposes his son, "Floyd Hatfield, 1872-1949." Then there lies Ellison Hatfield's wife, "Sarah Staton Hatfield, 1841-1933."

A LIBRARY OF BOOKS have been written on this feud. With few exceptions much that has been written was written afair off and is full of glaring errors. Especially are persons in photographs labeled wrong. This I think was done because there were no others to contradict the writers.

One of these days I think I'll write one and maybe there'll be mistakes in it, too. Say what you will, the Hatfield-McCoy feud is as much a chapter in American history as is that other un-civil Civil War of 1861-65, in which the Tug River feud was most certainly rooted.

The End

By Don Marsh

NOT long ago, H. D. Hatfield wrote a letter to a newspaper saying that he and his uncle, Joe Hatfield, had been attempting without success to obtain aid from the state in maintaining their family cemetery.

Since the Hatfields are very nearly a state institution, particularly with the Centennial so near, I called Joe Hatfield (H. D. has no telephone) and asked if I might visit him. "Oh, yes, sure," he said. "Come on anytime. I'm never far away. I'll be looking for you."

It takes about two-and-a-half hours to drive from Charleston to Sarah Ann, in Logan County, where he lives. On a good day, which my wife and I fortuitously chose, it is a pleasant trip.

Once, it was more difficult. When the feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys was on, a New York reporter named T. C. Crawford went to Logan to interview the Hatfields. He said the trip from Charleston to Logan was "two days of the roughest riding." The road wound along creek beds and through streams. Crawford was in constant fear of snakes and diseases.

* * *

THE 13 MILES from Logan to the Hatfield house was, though shorter, equally arduous. Crawford's party occasionally passed a hard faced mountaineer carrying a rifle and he had a tingling feeling in the back of the neck that he constantly was being spied on.

Main Island Creek, a clear mountain stream then, is brackish with the pollution of mining camps that since have sprung up along its banks. This condition may be transient, too. Many of the miners' homes are deserted and there is a sad, desolate air—a sense of abandonment and decay—about the rest of them.

Within a few miles, and in easy view from the road, we passed a warhed out mine, a boarded up company store and an abandoned power plant. The finesse of the mining industry was partly redeemed by the natural beauty of the hills. They are tall and thick with foliage. They couldn't have changed much in the 70 years since Crawford's visit or, for that matter, in 10 times 70 years.

* * *

WE PASSED through Chauncey, Omar, Barnabus, Stirrat, Crystal Block and finally came to the little coal town of Sarah Ann. A few hundred yards further and we saw a sign saying "Hatfield Monument Co." so we stopped.

The company's principal building consists of a small shed. Tombstones, crated and uncrated, are strewn on the ground around it. All in all, it looks like a backyard workshop for a big wooden house with which it shares a common fence.

As we walked toward the gate, an elderly man came to meet us. He wore an ancient panama hat, a sport shirt, buttoned at the neck, brown pants and thick soled shoes. He was stooped a bit. (I judged him to be in his

WOULD STATE LIKE TO MAKE CEMETERY A PARK?

Family Is Willing to Make a Gift of It Under Certain Conditions

MONUMENT TO WILLIAM A. (DEVIL ANSE) HATFIELD

His Son, Joe, Is One of Three Surviving Children

60s) and his step was hesitant but his hand was firm. "Hello," he said. "I'm Joe Hatfield."

"I didn't know you were in the monument business," I said.

"I'm not, no, no. That's my nephew H. D.'s place. He's not here today. Had to go to Huntington on business. Come now; let's go over to the house where we can talk."

* * *

WE WALKED toward his front porch and were joined by a pair of small frisky dogs that jumped and yapped around his feet. He patted them and said, with a grin, "They're just house animals." When he sat in a chair, they lay down near him.

He told us that his full name was Joseph Davis Hatfield, that he was born April 2, 1882 (which made him 79), and that he was the 10th child of William Anderson (Devil Anse) and Levicy Challin Hatfield. He is the oldest of the couple's three surviving children.

"Go ahead, call him Devil Anse," he said. "He never minded the name himself; in fact, he was sort of proud of it. I'm not quite sure how he got it. I've heard two stories. One is that he got caught in a place called the Devil's Backbone, the Devil's Tea Table, or some such name, during the Civil War and got away from enemy soldiers. The other story is that—he had a brother called "Preacher Anse" and folks started calling him Devil Anse to tell them apart. I don't know for sure which story is true."

* * *

"WHAT KIND of man was my father? Well, I'll tell you. He was a kindly man. When he died, I don't think he had an enemy in the world. I've heard him say, many a time, he was sorry for all the trouble and that he should have left it in the law in the beginning.

"He wasn't what you would call a really big man. He was about 5 feet 9½ inches tall and he weighed about 210 pounds. He was awful

JOE DAVIS HATFIELD, SON OF A MOUNTAIN PATRIARCH

At 79 He Has Remarkable Memory for Events of the Past

HATFIELDS AND FRIENDS IN THE TIME OF THE FEUD

Devil Anse Is Seated, Foreground Sons Are Tennis and Willis. Standing, from left: O. C. Damron, Elias, Troy and Joe Hatfield, Tom Chafin and W. E. Borden.

strong and wiry. He was very proud of his hair and beard. He carried a comb in his pocket and when he wasn't doing anything else, he'd pull out his comb and comb his beard.

"He was good to all of us children and we respected him. When he told us to do anything, he generally didn't have to say it more than once.

"I think he whipped me three times in his life. The first time was because I stayed out too late. They were having a party and I went to get a colored man who furnished fur us and who was a good musician. I didn't get home until after 10 o'clock at night and dad didn't know where I was. So when I got home he gave me a licking.

"IT WAS the feud, you see. It was actually over a long time before anybody knew it was over as daddy always wanted to know where his children were. He was afraid we might get hurt. I was a big boy, 15 or 16 years old, before I ever stayed away from home all night. My mother used to say that she hoped all her children did well but what she hoped for most was getting them all raised and grown up.

"My dad died in 1921. I remember that, as a Sunday he went he wanted us go to Logan, that he had some business at the courthouse, and he asked me if I would take him, and I did, on a Wednesday, I believe. The last Saturday he got up early—he got up early all his life—and he said another day he didn't feel good and that he thought he'd lay back down and rest. I guess that was the last thing he ever said. He died a minute and a second later to get pneumonia. He died five or six days later. He was 82 years old. He was born the 20th day of September, 1839."

* * *

HATFIELD said he was unsure of the underlying causes of the feud between his family and the McCoys of Kentucky but that he didn't think it was because his father chose the South in the Civil War and the McCoy patriarch, Randolph, chose the North, a commonly ascribed reason.

"The story in our family has always been that old man Randolph and dad served together in the same company, the 45th Virginia. I've heard dad tell how him and Randolph got cornered by a Yankee soldier and how Randolph's old rifle wouldn't fire and how dad shot this man and saved Randolph's life.

"I think the bad blood started when a man named Bill Staton was killed by the McCoy brothers. Later on, my dad's brother, Elliott, was stabbed and shot at an election.

"Dad took three of the McCoy boys who had done it prisoners and he told them if his brother lived, 'They'll stand the law. Of course, if he dies'. . .

"Well, Elliott died on July 9, 1888, and the McCoy boys (Talbert, 21, Thamer, 18, and Randolph Jr., 15) were taken out of a jail house where they had been kept and were told to make gun for bullets and shot. My dad always regretted that he had done that. I think he was sorry about it all his life.

* * *

"BEFORE the trouble started we had been neighbors with the McCoys and were good friends. The house was over near Pikeville and the McCoys lived across the line in Kentucky.

"After a while, dad sold out to get away from them. He moved over the hill and bought 2,500 acres here on Main Island Creek. His house was a little piece up the road but it burned down in 1927."

Hatfield said many untrue accounts have been written about the feud, including the "mountain Romeo and Juliet" romance between his oldest brother, Johnson, and Rose Ann McCoy, daughter of Randolph McCoy.

"She and Johnse were sweethearts, all right. She rode over the hill to warn us that the McCoys were coming but I don't think dad stopped them from getting married, as the story says. He never said anything when his children wanted to marry. He left it up to them. He couldn't have been too much against Johnse marrying a McCoy because he finally married Nancy McCoy who was Rose Ann's first cousin."

* * *

HE SAID his brother Johnse was "a merry sort of a fellow" who was something of a lady's man. "He got arrested once in Pike County for carrying a pistol. Now you know for a Hatfield to get arrested in Kentucky was a serious thing. He died six years ago together and rode many and took him away from the sheriff. Johnse got arrested in a 100 acre in Kentucky later on for a killing he was in. He served part of the term but we paid and some money and he got a pardon."

Johnson died of a heart attack and is buried in the family cemetery on the land nearby. William Anderson (Cap) Hatfield, is not. Cap is a central figure in the feud. Many think he was more willing to fight than was Devil Anse.

"I'll tell you that Cap had a funny way about him," Joe Hatfield said. "He would take offense at the least thing. Somebody would come up and cry in Cap that someone had said something about him. He didn't want to hear anything else. He wanted to ride out right now and fight the man.

"When Cap was 16 years old he went to a dance and a fellow shot him in the back. The bullet lodged near his spine and caused a tumor which finally killed him. I always thought the pressure of that bullet worked on Cap. It made him have spells and it made him sensitive." Cap, at his request, was buried near his own home, also on Main Island Creek, a mile or two north of Joe's residence.

* * *

OF THE 13 Hatfield children, only two died violently. Troy and Elias were killed on Oct. 11, 1911, at Boomer, Fayette County.

"They were policemen and the mine company had asked them to get the leaders (of) two out of being because of was bootlegging," Joe Hatfield said.

"They had been looking for him and they heard he was at his cabin. Elias walked to the front door and Troy went in the back. But this letter was full of bunny and gave his chance. He shot Elias first and turned around and said, 'Troy, I'll get you next.' Troy shot back three times and killed him. I was working there at the time and

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(Continued From Page 1C)

saw the boys right after they were shot.

"Elias lived only a few minutes but Troy lived about an hour. I held him in my arms and talked to Troy before he died. They were both nice, likable boys. Troy was the best shot in the family."

* * *

DURING our conversation, I was constantly impressed by his ability to instantly recall names of participants and dates of events that happened 50 or 60 years ago.

He is unusually alert and his memory is exceptional, a trait he said is common in his family. He wears glasses but his eyes are clear, he speaks in a firm voice and his hearing is good. I thought his walk lacked vigor but it was not until later I learned he had fallen from a ladder a few days earlier while roofing his house.

He told me he had been a miner, a timberman, and a farmer and that he once served a term as sheriff of Logan County. At one point, he said the thing in his life that gave him most pride was the fact that he had never been arrested, "never even got a parking ticket."

He obviously takes pride in his family and in his land. His house is shiny with paint; the grass is freshly cut; flowers grow in the yard and the fences and concrete sidewalks are in excellent repair.

* * *

HE MADE it clear that he is not looking for charity from the state. It is more as if he has something important that he wishes to share with others.

He told us there was not even a roadside marker to tell visitors that the Hatfields lived nearby and he explained something of his problems with the cemetery.

"I need to take care of it, clean it up good, but I'm getting too old to keep up with it anymore. Me and H. D. have been trying to get some of those $1 an hour men up here but we can't seem to get any satisfaction.

"Actually, what I'd like to do is to see if the state wouldn't take over the cemetery and run it. I'd give it to them if they wanted it and if they'd let the rest of the family be buried up there. Do you think they'd be interested?

I said I thought they should and, indeed, it does seem strange that the Hatfields have been so completely ignored by officials interested in increasing tourism.

* * *

WE DROPPED the subject when Hatfield offered to show us through his obviously home. He said he had only a few keepsakes from the past. "I used to have a whole lot of stuff but I just tired of let it get away," he explained.

He apologized for the appearance of the rooms they were immaculate and had us his wife, who was not home when we arrived, had been in Michigan visiting relatives and had returned only recently. He showed us a picture of his parents and said it was the one he liked best.

"About the only thing I have of dad's is part of his grist mill and a plow that he made out of a natural growth he found in the woods. He didn't hardly have to do anything with it. It just grew like a plow."

* * *

WE WENT to a small shed where the plow was kept and while we were there the back door of the house opened and Mrs. Hatfield came out, briskly sweeping the sidewalk.

She is a motherly looking woman with a great deal of nervous energy. "Lands sakes, everything is a mess," she said, sweeping vigorously. "He did the best he could but he just cleans up the center of the floor and lets the corners go. I'm a great corners cleaner, myself.

"So you're from a newspaper," she said when we were introduced. "We get a lot of people stopping here. Some of them make me so mad. Two big fellows came up and said they heard that Devil Anse was so mean that the day he died he held a gun on his wife. What do you think about saying a thing like that? I told them to get off the place. I shooed them out. And them great, big, strapping fellows, too.

"Why, he was the finest old gentleman you'd ever want to meet. He had brown eyes and I can remember how snapping they were to this day. The Hatfields are fine people. I'm proud of the family and it seems to me the state should take a little pride in them, too."

A little later, Hatfield offered to take us to the cemetery.

"Do you want your walking stick?" his wife called.

"Oh, no, I won't need it," he said.

* * *

THE CEMETERY is about half a mile from his house and up a hill. The path to it is an old road originally used in a timbering operation; it is filled with rocks and difficult to walk on.

"Dad picked this spot, and I'll never know why," Hatfield said. "It's awful hard to get up here."

As we got nearer, we passed a new grave and in answer to my question, Hatfield said the cemetery was still in use. "A man who lived down at the foot of the hill is buried there," he said.

"We could see the top of a statue through the branches of trees and Joe said it was of his father. "He sent pictures of him to Italy and they made it there. It cost $3,000 and it looks just like dad."

* * *

THE MONUMENT dom-

WEED, BRUSH COVER CEMETERY

Devil Anse Planted Background Spruce

GRAVE OF THE HATFIELDS (cont'd)

Proud Family

nates the burial ground. It shows Devil Anse standing at rest with the lower part of his left leg touching a leg. He is wearing a frock coat, a vest and his pants are stuffed into leggings. He is bare headed and solemn faced and staring at the hills.

On one side of the base is inscribed: "Capt. Anderson Hatfield, 1839-1931, Levicy Chafin, His Wife, 1842-1929.

On the other side: "Johnson, Wm. A., Robert L., Nancy, Elliot R., Mary, Elizabeth (who died about six months ago), Elias, Troy, Joseph D., Rose, Willis E., Tennis E., Their Children."

Hatfield had told us that his sister, Rose Browning, 77, lived with her husband in Logan. His brother, Tennis, 73, lives at Delbee, also in Logan County. The other sons and daughters, with the exception of Cap and Elizabeth, are buried in the cemetery.

* * *

IT WAS, as he pointed out, badly in need of maintenance. Devil Anse's monument was gray with weather and the effect of secretion from trees falling on it. "I cleaned it good last year but it's hard to tell it now, isn't it?" he asked.

Vegetation has grown up and the cemetery is a tangle of grass and plants. There is a great deal of mountain shumate and the cemetery abounds in trees — hickory, poplar, oak, elm, walnut, wild cherry and spruce.

Hatfield told us that his father and "Uncle" Dyke Garrett, a noted mountain preacher, planted the spruce many years ago. "I can remember when those trees were just little things; just look at them now."

* * *

IN ADDITION to his immediate family, some of the feudists are buried there. He pointed to a small headstone and said, "That was one of my father's men." Inscribed on it were the words: "French M. Ellis, Dec. 21, 1857, April 13, 1924."

As we walked down the hill, Hatfield stopped at a flat place on the hill and looked around. "There used to be a big laurel tree growing here," he said. "It was one of dad's favorite places."

"Whenever he'd hear there might be trouble, he get his gun and some bedding and come up here and stay. I've spent many a night with him on this point. He never wanted to be around the house — with the women and children — in case there might be shooting."

* * *

AT THE FOOT of the hill, we had to cross a bridge to reach the highway. He stopped and looked down into the creek. A few shimmers swam among the tins cans, old auto tires and other debris. "When I was a boy, we used to pull big fish out of here. I can't think of the number of times that Joe Glenn and me and Troy and Elias have sat here and fished."

We drove a short distance off the road and he showed us where the old homestead used to be. "Willis got it and one day when he was gone to Logan it burned down. We never did know what caused the fire. Wiring trouble, I guess."

There is ranch style house on the old lot with a "For Sale" sign in front of it. Some of the foundations of the homestead still exist and he pointed to a concreted area in front of the house. "There's where the well used to be," he said.

There was a vague sadness about it and I told him I hoped we hadn't stirred unpleasant memories. "Oh, no," he said. "I enjoy it. I don't get up this way too often any more and it's sort of a change."

We let him out of the car in front of the house. The last words he said, as we drove off, were: "Come back, now, I'll be looking for you."

ONE OF THE LAST of the feuding Hatfields died Monday in Logan. He was Joseph D. Hatfield (standing fourth from left) in the photo taken years ago. His father, Devil Anse Hatfield, is seated with rifle. The last survivor in the group is Willis Hatfield, the small boy at lower right. Photo of Joseph Hatfield (at right) was taken last year.

BUCKSKIN COUNCIL RE-ELECTS GETTMAN

J. Alex Gettman was re-elected president of Buckskin Council at the Boy Scout group's annual meeting this week.

Other officers elected were Vice President Wilson C. Campbell, Jack Hill and J. D. Treaser; Treasurer Paul Hinkle; and Commissioner C. J. Adkins.

New members of the executive board are R. S. Wengelin, Bruce Anderson, W. D. Wygrich, Paul Edwards, Donald Skinner, Dr. Marion Jarrett, Dr. W. S. Coleman Sr., Paul O'Ferrell, Okey Patterson and Edward Stemple.

New district chairmen are Roy Hampton for Greenbrier Valley District and Robert Stearns for Shawnee District.

Said Dad Sorry for Feud, Joe Hatfield

LOGAN — Joseph David (Joe) Hatfield once said his father's greatest regret was that he was partly responsible for starting the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

"I've heard him say many a time he was sorry for all the trouble and that he should have left it to the law in the beginning," the son said.

Mr. Hatfield's father was William Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield, leader of one of the families engaged in the most famous of mountain feuds.

All of the causes of the dispute are unclear. There had been bad blood between the West Virginia Hatfields and the Kentucky McCoys.

* * *

IN 1887, the year before Joe Hatfield was born, Ellison Hatfield, Devil Anse's brother, was murdered by three McCoy brothers. Devil Anse led a party that took them prisoners and later shot them to death. The feud went on for years.

"My dad always regretted that he had done that," Joe said. "I think he was sorry for it all his life."

Joe Hatfield said he was a "big boy, 13 or 14," before he was allowed to stay away from home overnight. "It was the feud, you see. It was actually over a long time before anybody knew it was over so daddy always wanted to know where his children were. He was afraid we might get hurt."

MR. HATFIELD said he spent numerous nights camping in the hills with his father when the family was warned of impending trouble. "He never wanted to be around the house—with the women and children—in case there might be shooting."

Joseph D. Hatfield
One of the Last

Devil Anse Hatfield died in 1921 at the age of 82. Death was caused by a stroke and pneumonia. Joe Hatfield died Monday, less than two months after his 80th birthday. His death was caused by pneumonia.

He was the seventh of 13 children of Anderson and Levicy Chafin Hatfield. His brother, Willis, of Dehue, and his sister, Mrs. F. M. Browning, of Peach Creek, are the last surviving members of the immediate family.

None of the children died in the feud. Two of the brothers—Elias and Troy—were killed in a gunfight at Boomer.

Mr. Hatfield's other survivors include his widow, Grace; a son, Joe Davis A. (Pete); a daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Smith, of Huntington; two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Service for Mr. Hatfield will be at 1 p. m. today at the Nazarene Church in Logan. Burial will be in the Hatfield Cemetery, near Sarah Ann, where his parents and most of his brothers and sisters are buried. The body will be

DEVIL ANSE'S FUNERAL

On that wintery day that they laid Devil Anse Hatfield away, the C&O ran a special train up as near as they could get to the house where the funeral was being held and Hob Bias went along. Hob passed through Richwood the other day from Cleveland, Ohio, where he sells coal or something for Ray Maust, and he stopped to have all his gift subscriptions come due at the same time and when he was finished he got to talking and he told about attending Devil Anse's funeral.

"I didn't have anything to do that day, and as I was pretty young, maybe twenty or so, I got

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on the train and went. I don't remember all about it exactly as things happened, only I recall I kept in line through the house from the back and came out on the big front porch. It was a house that had been added to from time to time and was of a pretty peculiar construction. The porch was a big affair, and was connected to the house with a kind of hall, which we all paraded down and came to a stop on the porch where the coffin was.

"What I remember mostly was what was taking place before me the instant I came to the end of the hall and faced the porch. There was the huge coffin, and on each side of it was a choir made up of mountain people. They were singing, and the funny thing about it was that the two choirs were not only not in time or tune with each other, but they were singing different songs. One side was singing maybe 'Shall We Gather at the River?' and the other was singing 'Beulah Land.'

"The strange thing, though, wasn't the two conflicting choirs, nor Devil Anse in his coffin, but son Cap, who was out on the front yard shouting. Cap had got religion at the wake the night before, or some time associated with his dad's death, and he was really letting himself go right out in the cold and in front of the house. He was jumping up and down and swinging his arms and screaming, 'Let any man shoot me with cannon or gun.' Over and over, 'Let any man shoot me with cannon or gun.' That was all, just 'Let any man shoot me with cannon or gun.'

"When everybody who had come had filed through the house and had looked at the last remains and was milling about in the yard, some big stalwarts picked up the coffin and started carrying it down the road, spelling and being spelled as they went and with old Uncle Dyke Garret leading the throng with his big black Bible and his long white beard.

"He stopped the procession and I was up close enough to hear him say like Moses of old, 'Give me the ax.' An ax was given and he stepped to the bank of the stream and he started cutting the ice, cutting with little sharp strokes. Then he said, 'Are ye really, Cap Hatfield?' and Cap stepped forward and into that cold water and Uncle Dyke said, 'I baptize ye in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost,' and he did. He put him right down in that icy water and old Cap came up a sputtering and a praising the Lord. The funeral procession then went on up the hill."

BOUNCER'S GONE

A fellow walked into our shop the other day and said he had a place for Bouncer and we all patted his back and said goodbye, and he went away. It is doubtful that we will ever see him again. But he had to go. Bouncer, although a pedigreed, and very handsome Boxer dog, was a gay old blade, and a kind of a Richwood nomad. He had no fixed place of residence since his master was killed in an auto accident and since his mistress moved away. Sometimes he would ride up the hill with me and spend the night on the rug in the kitchen doorway. I say he rode, because he disliked walking, and invariably hitchhiked. He slept in the doorway so that he would be awakened when we stepped over him, which was frequently. He loved to be waked because he could communicate with us, or whoever, and then go back to sleep. When he wasn't sleeping at my house, he was either at somebody else's, or out on a date. He was quite a Lothario and crept in pretty exhausted some mornings. And sometimes rather scarred. He was everybody's friend in town. Kids would stop to play with him and he would follow them up the street a ways until he met another and then he'd come back. He disliked the rain, and once he waited until a little friend came along with an umbrella and thus got to where he wanted to go and dry too. I am an early riser myself, but Bounce was earlier. He would nuzzle the side of my bed around five, and I'd get up and let him out. That is when it was my time to be host.

The reason the fellow came in for him and took him away and why we'll probably not see him again is the town has passed an ordinance against dogs running the streets. Years ago the city passed one against cows and people raised a big fuss. But now nobody minds. They'd even

History of Hatfield's Milling feud with effects of Education on it — W Vadis Vol XXIV pp 27

Yesterday And Today—

Ernest Kent Married Into Hatfield Clan

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The death of Ernest G. Kent of Glen White, Raleigh County, recalled the community of a fine man who, with Mrs. Kent, reared a wonderful family. He was widely and popularly known as was evident the day of his funeral, December 1.

When Ernest G. Kent married Midge Hatfield, daughter of Johnson ("Johnse") Hatfield, eldest son of the celebrated feudist leader, "Devil Anse" Hatfield, they went to housekeeping at Sewell on the C & O in Fayette County in 1911.

The 23-year old Kent was shipping clerk for the Longdale interests. Going there as a 20 year old bride, Mrs. Kent taught school at Sewell. They raised a family of nine children, two of whom died early in life. Many here will well remember Bob Kent who used to be Beckley College's basketball coach. He is now in Greensboro, N. C.

MRS. KENT was reared by her uncle, Dr. Elliott E. Hatfield, M.D., (Nov. 12, 1870-April 20, 1932). There is so much of interest about the famous Hatfield family that people are constantly asking me about it.

On the day of the funeral of E. G. Kent, the son-in-law of "Johnse" Hatfield, (January 6, 1905-April 19, 1922), I received a letter from Germany asking for my source materials on the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud. The writer was conducting a research project on the interesting story and said that he had learned I was an "expert"—Note: an "expert" is a "little spurt" away from home!—on the subject!

E. G. KENT'S father-in-law, Johnson Hatfield, was the oldest of the thirteen children of William Anderson ("Devil Anse") Hatfield, (1839-January 6, 1921). There were nine boys and four girls in the family of William Anderson and Levicy Chafin Hatfield, (1842-1929), his wife. Their first eight children were boys, the next four—Nancy, Mary, Elizabeth, and Rosada—were girls.

Their thirteenth child was a boy. They named him Tennyson Samuel Hatfield but he was widely known as "Tennis." He was born at 1896 and died on August 12, 1953, at 67. He was Sheriff of Logan County for two years and was succeeded in office by his brother, Joseph Hatfield. Brothers of Johnson Hatfield were William Anderson Jr., ("Cap"), Robert E. Lee, ("Bob"), Elliott, Elias, Detroit ("Troy"), Joseph, Willis Wilson, and Tennyson ("Tennis").

JOHNSON HATFIELD, born January 6, 1862, while his father was a Captain in the Confederate army, died April 19, 1922, while riding horseback over Twisted Gun Mountain in Logan County.

It was a heart attack that killed the sixty year old man, the father of Mrs. E. G. Kent. Mrs. Kent's mother was the former Miss Rebecca Browning, daughter of Elder Chapman Browning, a Primitive Baptist preacher. She died at the age of 25 years in Mingo County. She is buried at Verner. Maybe some readers remember the Hollywood moving picture of the Hatfield-McCoy feud which has been shown in Beckley a number of times. In that picture the part of Johnson ("Johnse") Hatfield was played by Farley Granger. By the way the large book of American Folk Lore which has just come off Life magazine presses devotes a number of pages to Johnse Hatfield and others of the famous clansmen.

JOHNSE HATFIELD and his brother William Anderson (Cap) Hatfield had a falling out and were estranged for years. This was a source of grief to their father, "Devil Anse" and he longed to see them bury their differences. When Elias and Troy were killed at Boomer, Oct. 17, 1911, the two estranged brothers became reconciled.

Johnson Hatfield, then 59, and his brother "Cap" Hatfield, then 58, made up. Since Devil Anse was getting old—he was then 72—he turned to the Primitive Baptist faith and was baptised by Elder William Dyke (Uncle Dyke) Garrett in the mountain waters of Main Island Creek on a memorable Sunday.

Cap Hatfield and his brother, Dr. Elliott Hatfield were still not speaking. However, just as the tragic deaths of Elias and Troy Hatfield brought Johnse and Cap Hatfield together again, the death of their father, Devil Anse, effected the reconciliation of Cap and Dr. Elliott Hatfield.

Over the dead body of their famous father they shook hands amid tears and sorrowing. It was a dramatic moment. Uncle Dyke Garrett told Cap, "I will baptize you, boy, in the very hole whar I baptized yore pappy." He did and Cap Hatfield swore he was through with malice and fighting and that if any man wanted his life or his blood he would not resist. As stated elsewhere, Cap Hatfield died in August, 1950, of a brain tumor in Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore, at the age of 67 years.

Yesterday And Today—

Mrs. Kent Was Member Of Hatfield Clan

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Mrs. Ernest G. Kent, nee Midge Hatfield of Glen White, writes: "I have finished reading your history of Sewell in the Beckley Post-Herald. This brings back many happy memories for me. I went to Sewell as a bride in August, 1911. I taught school in a one-room school house where I used a bell, such as you wrote about in a column some days ago, to call the children in at the end of recess.

"I had about forty pupils, from the first to the eighth grade. Now that I look back through the years I think that I must have been a better 'school keeper' than a teacher! I can recall the old Burnside stove which stood in the middle of the room and kept us cozy on cold days. I imagine this building is long gone. It was on the main road up Sewell Mountain.

"When Mr. Kent and I went to Indianapolis last year I tried very hard to pick out the old land marks as our train went through and did see our old house, our first home, at the mouth of Mann's Creek, between the main line of the C & O and New River. It looked as if all the other houses had given up and rolled into the river.

"I can remember when sportsmen used to come to Sewell to fish for rainbow trout in Mann's Creek. We lived there six happy years. Some of the best people I have ever known were our friends at Sewell. Fifty years is a long time and, oh, so many changes!

Recently you wrote about the Boone family. I can recall the day that Tola Amick and John Boone were married. We were to meet years later in Beckley where our sons were the best of friends and Tola and I worked in the Mission Circles in the First Baptist Church there."

MRS. MIDGE Hatfield Kent is the daughter of Johnson ("Johnse") Hatfield, oldest son of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, the leader of the Hatfield clan in the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

Her mother was the former Miss Rebecca Browning, "the daughter of Chapman Browning, and old Hardshell Baptist preacher," as Mrs. Kent put it when I visited her almost six years ago. "Johnse" Hatfield's first sweetheart was Rosanna McCoy it will be remembered. Mrs. Kent knew the Hatfields who were leaders in the feud that ended over 70 years ago. One of these was "Cap" Hatfield who had a damaged eye.

Mrs. Kent told me the damage to Cap Hatfield's eye was caused by a home-made pop-gun in the hands of her father, "Johnse" Hatfield, who accidentally shot a wad of some kind that hit Cap's eye and caused an injury that he carried to his grave. Mrs. Kent was raised by her uncle, Dr. Elliott Hatfield.

On the occasion of my visit to the Kents in April, 1955, Mrs. Kent told me about attending Cap Hatfield's funeral. He died of a brain tumor in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, in 1950. Cap Hatfield, the feudist who succeeded his father, Devil Anse Hatfield, as leader of his family clan died at the age of 67 years.

"DEVIL ANSE" Hatfield died January 6, 1921. His death at age of 80 years was caused by a paralytic stroke at his home on Island Creek, Logan County. Anderson Hatfield was given the ominous nickname "Devil Anse" when he was a young man. Somehow, the name clung to him and as the man and his family were good newspaper copy for a quarter of a century. He never seemed to resent the name. West Virginia has never produced a more colorful character. His closing years were lived quietly and peacefully in his mountain home.

Long before his death Devil Anse had laid aside earthly cares. When he died the public conjured up tales of the ancient feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys. However, by the time Devil Anse died the facts concerning the feud had become become separated from the fictions surrounding the feud and enabled fair minded people to see just what manner of man Anderson Hatfield really was. At heart he was as kind as a man could be.

He lived his long life in a period when simple minded mountain folks lived primitive lives amid primitive surroundings. They resorted to primitive justice only when they felt it was necessary, — an eye for an eye and a teeth for a tooth! Fear of the others spread from persons to whole families and the feud was on.

My sympathies were with the Hatfields pretty largely because "Devil Anse" Hatfield had been a brave Confederate soldier in the early part of the Civil War.

Yesterday And Today—

Five Of 13 McCoys Were Killed In Feud

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A list of the children of Randolph McCoy, leader and head of the McCoy clan in the Hatfield-McCoy feud of the 1880's, is rather impressive. Randolph and Sallie McCoy had 13 children. From the eldest to the least, these were their names: James, Tolbert, Pharner, Twinville, Josephine, Alifair, Adelaide, Rose Anne, Randolph Jr., Floyd, Sam, Calvin, and Fanny.

Five of the 13 children of the Randolph McCoy family were allegedly killed by the members of the Hatfield clan. Three were killed one night and two others about six years later.

Three McCoy brothers, Tolbert, Pharner, and Randolph McCoy Jr., were slain just after dark on the night of Aug. 9, 1882. These were the three brothers who mortally wounded Ellison Hatfield, brother of Devil Anse Hatfield, in a fight on election day, Monday, Aug. 7, 1882. This melee occurred on Blackberry Creek in Kentucky hard by the home of Jerry Hatfield, an old two-story house that is still standing.

WHEN THAT FIGHT occurred Tolbert McCoy was 31 years old and it was in his 32nd year that he and his two brothers who were tied to paw-paw bushes across Tug River from Matewan, West Virginia, and killed the night of the day Ellison Hatfield died in Warm Hollow, up the mountain from the railway depot at Matewan.

Tolbert McCoy was married and had a daughter named Cora. His wife was the former Mary Hatcher. She was widowed by the guns of the Hatfields and their confederates a little over two days after the election day fight in which Tolbert, Pharner, and Randolph Jr., of the McCoy family inflicted gun shot and stab wounds on Ellison Hatfield who had been in Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg a little over 19 years before.

Tolbert was a trouble maker from the start. He was given to fighting, especially when he got a few drinks under his belt. Pharner McCoy was nicknamed "Dick."

WHEN WORD GOT OUT that the three McCoy brothers, who had been held hostages to await the outcome of Ellison Hatfield's wounds, were murdered there in a paw-paw thicket in Pike County, Ky., (named for Gen. Zebulum Pike for whom Pike's Peak in Colorado also is named,) old Randolph McCoy went to recover the bodies of his three sons.

He hauled the dead men in a sled drawn by two yoke of oxen. It was just six miles from the sink hole, where the three McCoys were killed, to their father's house on Blackberry Fork of Pound Mill Branch across Turkey Foot ridge in Kentucky. They were buried on a little bench, all in the same grave, in full view of the McCoy home. When I visited this family burial ground this common grave was unmarked. When this triple death took place, James McCoy, a brother of the three victims, was 33 years old. He was the best of the family, people said.

THE NEXT WHOLESALE killing of McCoys took place on New Years Day night, 1888. That night at about 10:30 the Hatfields, led by Jim Vance, sought to wipe out evidence against them in the feud murders by killing those who would testify. They attacked the Randolph McCoy home, set it on fire, and killed Calvin McCoy and his sister, Allifair.

Calvin and Allifair were buried in the graveyard where Tolbert, Pharner, and Randolph Jr., had been buried. Calvin's grave is marked with a docnick. His name is picked out in the flat old field rock in two lines, "Cal" and below it, "vin."

I visited the home of Mrs. Crilt Scott who had seen the Hatfields returning from the attack on the McCoy house when they killed Calvin and Allifair and badly injured their mother. Mrs. Scott was 85 when I called on her and her mind was clear as a bell. Vividly, Mrs. Scott told how she saw the Hatfields heading home in single file and "wondered what they had been up to." Next day, the news was out.

FOR THIS CRIME some of the Hatfield feudists were indicted. One of them, Ellison (Cottontop) Mounts, allegedly the illegitimate son of Ellison Hatfield, deceased, was adjudged guilty and hanged Feb. 18, 1889. He was buried a stone's throw from where he died on the scaffold of Pikeville, Ky. His crime was the murder of Allifair McCoy, daughter of Randolph McCoy.

This was the only legal capital punishment dealt to any one of the feudists of either clan.

RANDOLPH McCOY was often called "RandT" short for his given name. He was 20 years older than Devil Anse Hatfield, head of the Hatfield clan in the long feud. He lived to be 90. His death was the result of complications following his falling in an open fire while living in the home of a nephew at Pikeville.

Devil Anse Hatfield was born Sept. 10, 1839, and died Thursday night, Jan. 6, 1921, of a paralytic stroke. Hatfield died at his home, since burned, on Main Island Creek, Logan County.

Coleman A. Hatfield of Logan, is the eldest living grandson of Devil Anse and is a respected attorney.

[illegible] a day plus expenses.

Hatfield

THE STORY of how Captain Anderson Hatfield (Devil Anse) invaded Concord College at Athens in Mercer County about 1904 and the results of his visit were recently told at a convention of Southern Appalachian Writers at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. The narrator was Kermit Hunter, native of McDowell County, and a writer of dramas and pageants, who is at present engaged in writing a pageant for the West Virginia Historical Drama Association of Raleigh County.

Mr. Hunter, professor of English at Hollins College, Virginia, related this story. "About 1904 or 1905, my mother was a student at Concord College. She was Lillian B. Farley of Thessalia, Virginia, near Pearisburg (she is now Mrs. O. J. Hunter of Welch, West Virginia), and after getting her teacher's certificate at Athens, went to McDowell County to teach at Hallsville (now Davy). She was rooming at the house of Professor James H. Holroyd, who seemed to have been head of the college at that time, although I'm not sure about this.

"One evening, my mother said, they looked out and saw a crowd of horsemen pulling up in front of the house. Each man had a long rifle across his saddle. The leader dismounted and came up, knocked on the door. Professor Holroyd opened the door and the man took off his broad-brimmed black hat and said, 'I'm Anderson Hatfield'.

That was enough to send my mother to the kitchen with the other women, but they overheard the conversation. Hatfield was described as a giant in a long black coat and with a beard.

"A student at Concord named Hatfield could not see in the dark, so they called him Moon-Eye. He always carried a lantern at night, holding it out in front of him and peering at the ground. The fellows used to throw rocks and break the lantern, and Moon-Eye would have to stumble and feel his way home. He had built a shield around the lantern shade, so one night someone shot out the lantern with a .22 rifle. It was a few weeks later that this crowd of horsemen rode up and the leader announced, "I'm Anderson Hatfield. I understand someone's been shooting at Moon-Eye.'

Nothing that Holroyd said had any effect. The horsemen went through the college town house by house, questioning and probing. About ten that night they rode away. My mother said that after that no one ever shot at Moon-Eye again. 'Devil Anse,' dignified and urbane, was apparently not a man to be trifled with."

The word 'feud' a heritage for Devil Anse Hatfield's great-grandson

"This type of Appalachian history must be preserved."

— Senate President Earl Ray Tomblin, D-Logan, in whose district the feud erupted

By Mannix Porterfield
REGISTER-HERALD REPORTER

STOLLINGS — On the bumper of his Ford pick-up truck is attached a personalized license plate.

For Dr. Coleman Hatfield, the word "feud" is heritage.

More than a century ago, his ancestors locked horns with the McCoys, dropping blood on both sides of the Tug Fork in a family war that became, through newspaper coverage of the day, America's most celebrated feud.

Hostilities intensified to a fever. It was said so many bounty hunters were crossing the winding stream dividing West Virginia and Kentucky that one could walk across on their backs without wetting one's feet.

Crawling upon his father's knees with a younger sister for bedtime stories, the great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield on occasion heard handed down accounts of the feud from his father, the late Coleman Anderson Hatfield, an attorney in Logan County. Over the years, the lawyer painstakingly compiled voluminous journals of his family's history.

"He had a remarkable memory and could feed all these things," the son recalled.

"In his time at the office, when not seeing clients, he would dictate some of these tales. So there's a great deal of manuscripts I have. He had ambitions of being able to publish a story. It never matured."

Yet the son managed to do just that. His recounting of the feud, "The Tale of the Devil," saw 3,000 copies in its initial printing. A second printing of 2,000 was ordered.

"For a local author and a small publisher out of Logan County, that's no small feat," says Keith Davis, general manager of The Logan Banner and his publisher.

"Several months ago, he was named author of the year by Tamarack, a very prestigious award."

RICK BARBERO/THE REGISTER-HERALD

His personalized license plate gives fellow motorists a hint of Dr. Coleman Hatfield's heritage — great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield. Childhood peers seldom raised the issue of his great-grandfather's role in America's most celebrated family feud, but the retired optometrist has much to say about it in his book, "The Tale of the Devil."

"To the best of my thinking, the feud started probably over community and political rivalry, and it broke out in an election in Pike County."

DR. COLEMAN HATFIELD,
great-grandson of Devil Anse Hatfield and author of "The Tale of the Devil," on how the Hatfield-McCoy feud began

■■■

Just how the feud all began has been the subject of conjecture and theory by a wide gamut of literary speculators over the decades.

Was it the fatal assault on Ellison Hatfield at a Pike County election? A squabble over a pig? The ill-fated mountain romance of Johnse Hatfield and Roseanna McCoy?

Or merely a series of such episodes leading into the execution of three McCoys strapped to paw paw bushes and subsequent New Year's Day raid on the McCoy cabin.

One thing is certain — the Hatfield-McCoy Feud captured the imagination of the American observer like no other family jihad. Others lasted longer and were considerably more deadly, but the Hatfields and McCoys endure to this day, generations later, and the fascination with them has not ebbed.

Hatfield attributes this to the media attention diverted to their feud by Kentucky newspapers. Whose accounts, in turn, were seized upon by the press in New York City.

The feud has inspired many a book and song, and provided Theatre West Virginia with one of its summer dramas near Beckley.

Hatfield's book is unique, compiled from the vantage point of a family insider, while others relied on other sources. Aided by tapes inherited from his father and the manuscripts, Hatfield's version is not merely another venture into speculation, but an effort to set the record straight, once and for all.

His grandfather was William Anderson "Cap" Hatfield, whom the author met in boyhood. If Cap discussed the feud with his 6-year-old grandson, there is no recollection.

"I remember going down to the barnyard a lot with him and getting pushed atop a horse and walked around so a little boy could ride a horse," he said.

There was another memory that remains — Cap removing his guns and placing them on top of a high, barrister-type bookcase where he visited at the residence of young Coleman's mother.

"If I had been left alone long enough, I'd have had one of them," mused Hatfield, himself a marksman skeet shooter who still loads his own shells.

His only other memory was of the funeral, one that attracted a huge turnout.

"Cap was probably more active in the feud than Anse was," he says of his grandfather.

"Anse was Cap's father and the leader and all that sort of thing, but Cap was in as many or more episodes than Anse was. After the feud was over, Cap got into enough other troubles and difficulties to exceed what he got into with the feud. In many ways, Cap's life was more interesting than Anse."

■■■

Hatfield is blessed with a piercing humor that tends to his other skills acquired in life — beekeeping, horticulturist, marksmanship.

Just ask his opinion of other writers with their arsenal of accounts and theories of the mountain vendetta that lasted from 1882 to 1890.

"All of them are absolutely correct," he deadpanned in his comfortable home on the outskirts of Logan. "If you don't believe it, ask the authors."

Hatfield has his own take, one not ordinarily read elsewhere. The two families had ripened into powerful forces in their respective communities. Devil Anse boasted 12,000 acres of prime timber land and likely became a source of envy among the McCoy clan as his freshly sawed product was rafted in plain sight down the Tug.

"To the best of my thinking, the feud started probably over community and political rivalry, and it broke out in an election in Pike County," he reflected.

"Those were the first true episodes of the feud. As elections go, I understand there was some strong partisan feeling. Yes, there was even a little alcohol available. Now, you never heard of such a thing of that in an election, have you? I understand that happened then."

In that ill-fated election of Aug. 9, 1882, three sons of the McCoy patriarch — Randal McCoy — tattooed Ellison Hatfield with a known 27 knife and gunshot wounds. His death triggered an immediate response — the exe-

FEUD

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"Without meaning to throw too many rocks, Randal McCoy was sort of a petty, 'you-hurt-my-feelings, I'm-mad-at-you' kind of personality," Devil Anse's great-grandson says.

"So little things would soak up in him. Anse was not of that caliber. The nearest he came to that, he was intensely protective of his family. So one thing and another blew the feud up at the election."

Eight years after the election-day killing, the feud died out.

"None of the participants knew it was over at the time," Hatfield mused.

"They had to look back at a set point. But the newspapermen of that time and era made every death, every episode, every killing for the next 30 years a spin-off of the feud."

Hatfield views the feud with a fresh perspective — a small slice of a much larger pie, the post-Civil War era and its attendant lawlessness.

"There was a great deal of disruption of civil life of various sorts throughout this region and on into the West, into Missouri and into the states that we now think of as the cowboy states," he said.

"So they got all sorts of tales in this. What made this one a little different and therefore got their attention was the fact that it was an inter-state affair."

Along its snake-like course, the Tug Fork divided Pike County — reputedly the largest at that time in America — and sprawling Logan.

"That made it big enough to get attention locally," Hatfield says.

In fact, given the scope of such large counties, and the burgeoning success of two powerful clans, no politician with his finger to the wind could hardly ignore either when trouble began to foment.

In fact, the McCoys initially were the first to lean on their political clout, exhorting the Kentucky governor to send extradition papers to his West Virginia counterpart to round up "those horrible and awful Hatfields," the author said.

West Virginia's governor responded in kind.

"So it became a war of words, if you will, because both families were strong and important in their areas," he said.

"The governor of Kentucky was not about to turn his back on a politically important part like Pike County and the governor of West Virginia was not about to do the same with Logan County. The inter-state part kept the pot stirring."

Ultimately, the verbal volleys wound up in the U.S. Supreme Court. Before it lay this critical question: Can one state invade another to fetch suspected lawbreakers and tote them home for a day in court?

"The judgment that came down was, to use colloquial terms, 'If it's your trap, it's your bear,'" he said. "I think that even persists today and why we've seen in current use, from time to time, the fact that bounty hunters can go from state to state and seize somebody if they can spirit them back."

■■■

Devil Anse's famous moniker was not an allusion to a dark spirituality. Rather, his descendant figures, it was a tribute to his after-Sunday dinner penchant for using his coarse, hard beard on defeated foes after pinning them in backyard wrestling matches.

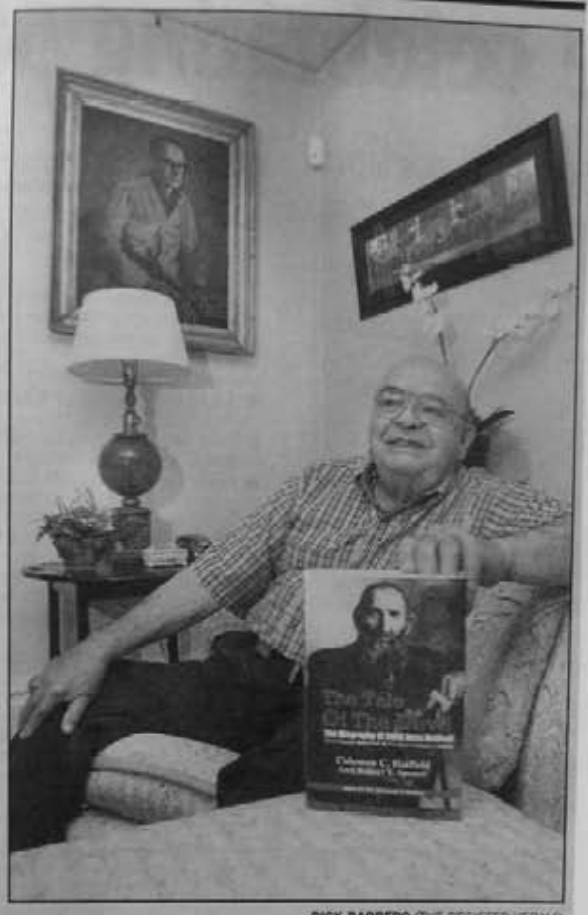
"When he threw a man, he'd always made it a habit to beard him good," he said.

Opponents could take being beated in a match. The beard was another matter.

"He was then 'deviling' them," Hatfield says.

His father remembered Devil Anse throwing a bearskin over his massive shoulders and back, getting on hands and knees, and chasing the grandchildren about.

"He played with them



RICK BARRERO/THE REGISTER-HERALD

Displayed prominently on a wall behind Dr. Coleman Hatfield is a painting of him in younger days, attired in a hunting jacket. Next to that is a panoramic picture of a Confederate reunion of the Encampment of West Virginia in Huntington in 1913. Standing out front is Devil Anse Hatfield, as he appeared eight years before his death.

cution of Pharmer, Tolbert and Randal Jr., the patriarch's three sons.

"Even the cumulative effect was not quite true until you bounce that off the fact that there were two rather powerful rival families," the author said.

While the term "affluent" likely wouldn't apply to Devil Anse, given the somewhat primitive life he settled into high in the mountains of Logan County (which then embraced modern Mingo County), he certainly was well-to-do — hardly the image splashed across the pages of American press as a backwoods hillbilly bent on violence.

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What's GREAT about our STATE

PEOPLE • PLACES • & • THINGS • THAT • MAKE • W.VA. • WONDERFUL

Dr. Coleman Hatfield

- **Lives:** Stollings
- **Occupation:** Retired optometrist and jeweler
- **Hobbies:** Beekeeper, gardener, writing and talking to reporters
- **Hero:** My dad
- **Philosophy of life:** Avoid reporters

that way," Hatfield said. "That was great sport. Whoever he caught got the whiskers again."

Devil Anse enjoyed a reputation for hospitality. He never knew a stranger, and those who ventured onto his turf were expected to stay for supper, even spend the night.

"One of the stories that comes down was that he'd probably fed and put up more people than anybody in Logan County," the author said.

■ ■ ■

Cap Hatfield was less outgoing, even to the point of overly suspicious, he said. One account has the Hatfields normally going in pairs to stores. One would go about his shopping while the other leaned against a wall to keep his wary eyes trained for trouble.

Hatfield the historian traces his clan to the Revolutionary War era, including one ancestor reputed to be the last white man scalped by the Indians.

"Cap probably, to the best of my understanding or feeling, felt that Anse had used him as a young man, that he had been pushed forward, the first pawn in line during the times of the feud," the author said.

"As Cap got a little older, with a little education and the ability to do a little thinking, I think there was some coolness between the two of them. Cap, as Dad had mentioned, was suspicious in the respect that he was a bit paranoid. He was not as well-to-do as Anse was, but he had land and property and timber in his later years, and sold the coal rights to it, which left him in financially sound position."

Hatfield sees his grandfather as "probably a bit impetuous and with more of a temper" than the patriarch.

For a follow-up project, Hatfield wants to pen a series of tales and records on Cap.

"I think, in many ways, his life per se would be more interesting than Anse's life, even though it doesn't have quite the notoriety of the feud alone, but was well enough involved in it that he can claim a share of notoriety for whatever that would mean," he said.

Hatfield has never encountered a genuine descendant of the Randal McCoy clan, but if one came along, the retired optometrist would like to swap memories.

His book stirred much interest and, predictably, inquiries from folks eager to identify their ancestors with their own.

"There are probably 10,000 people who are direct descendants of Anse Hatfield, but they didn't know exactly how," Hatfield said, exhibiting his sharp sense of humor.

"I'm sure he had some children, but not that many."

A man in Missouri called on him to authenticate a gun in his possession as one fired in the feud. On this score, Hatfield has a ready answer. To his knowledge, no one has any such firearm in hand, and his reasoning seems unassailable.

"How many people do you know who are affluent enough to own a car or several cars and like to trade regularly?" he asked. "Many trade them every year. How many of them keep those cars for years after years until they bonafidely become an antique? That was the same position the Hatfields had with weapons. If there was something newer that shot harder, shot faster, was easier to carry, whatever, they were interested in it. Whatever they had had, if it was not aggressively useful, they parted with it."

Hatfield tells his tale of the family with pinpoint accuracy and says he isn't bothered by the violence associated with his kin.

"The side of them that made them representative people in the community, that made them this and that, and so forth, I think is as much pride as the feeling of violence and being part of the feud," he said.

"I think the feud was a natural aftermath of the Civil War. It wasn't caused by the Civil War, but the civil disruption that lasted a good 40 years after the Civil War was very much a part of what allowed the feud to happen. There was no law and order per se. There was no one you could turn to."

So violent was the era in general the Kentucky governor was hard put to find replacements after so many judges and prosecutors fell victim to gun play.

"I think he sent them a sum of cash, possibly out of his own means, and said, do your best to defend yourself, and when you get conditions to calm down a little, we'll be glad to come in and help you establish law and order."

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